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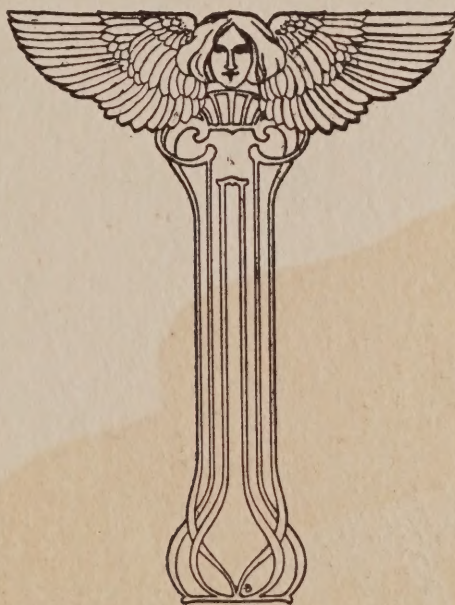


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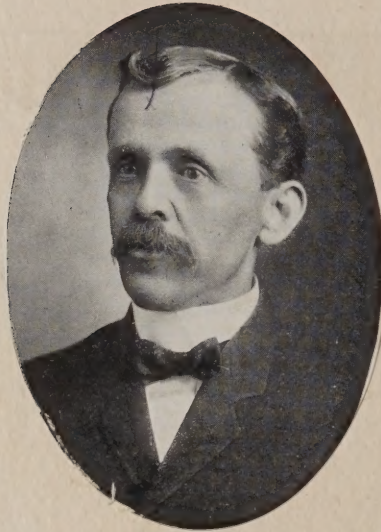
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The V. J. Pennant



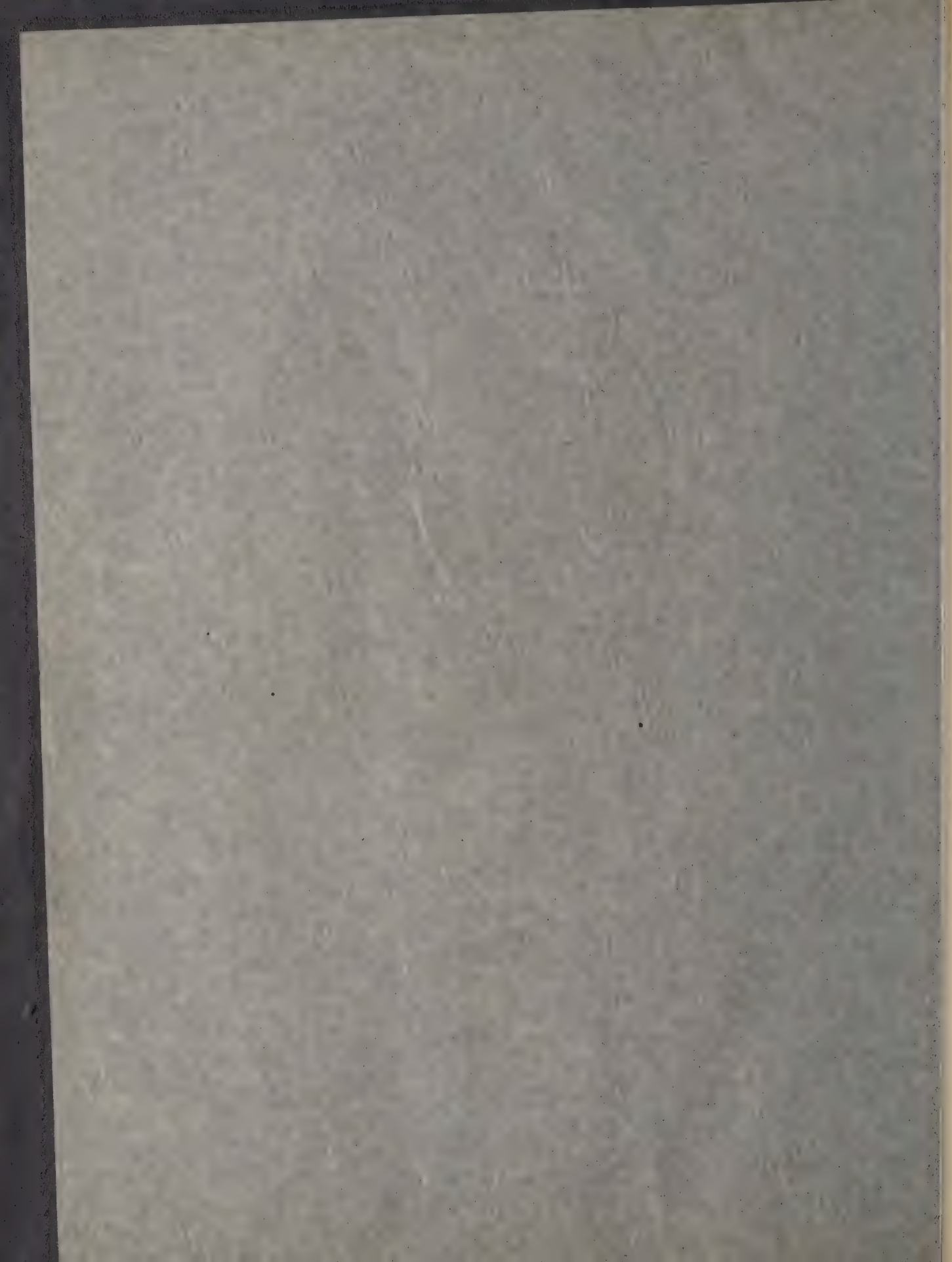
Published by the
Students of Virginia Institute
Bristol, Virginia



Reverendo

B. Cabell Henning, D. D.

Amico, erudito, oratori, viro optimo
Una voce a puellis huius scholae
Amore gratiaque dedicatus est
Hic Annalis



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2



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Miss Newman
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Miss Stokely.
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Mr. Brunner. Music

SOME MEMBERS OF OUR FACULTY



VIRGINIA INSTITUTE



MRS. J. T. HENDERSON

V. I.'s Tribute to Prof. Jones

This year, much to the sorrow of the students, faculty and friends of Virginia Institute, Prof. Jones, who for four years has occupied the chair of Latin, Greek and Modern Languages, announced his intention of leaving the Institute. It is impossible for the students and faculty in this small space to express their appreciation of Mr. Jones' service, and to show adequately their sorrow at his departure. It would be preposterous for us even to attempt to say the many good things that could be said about Prof. Jones. He is as versatile as is the octopus in its reaches. One of the greatest educators in the South, Virginia Institute has been proud to number him among her faculty. Sometimes we wonder if there is anything which Prof. Jones does not know. He addresses one in French; he answers one in German; he writes odes in Latin; he quotes the New Testament in Greek, and if we misinterpret the Old Testament he hurls Hebrew derivations at us to prove it. He is a veritable bundle of languages, while in all other branches he is equally well informed. Best of all, he has the power of imparting his knowledge to others, and it is a dull student indeed who can attend one of Mr. Jones' classes without getting a good knowledge of the lesson. So perfect is his teaching that his pupils are heard dreaming in Latin and snoring in Greek.

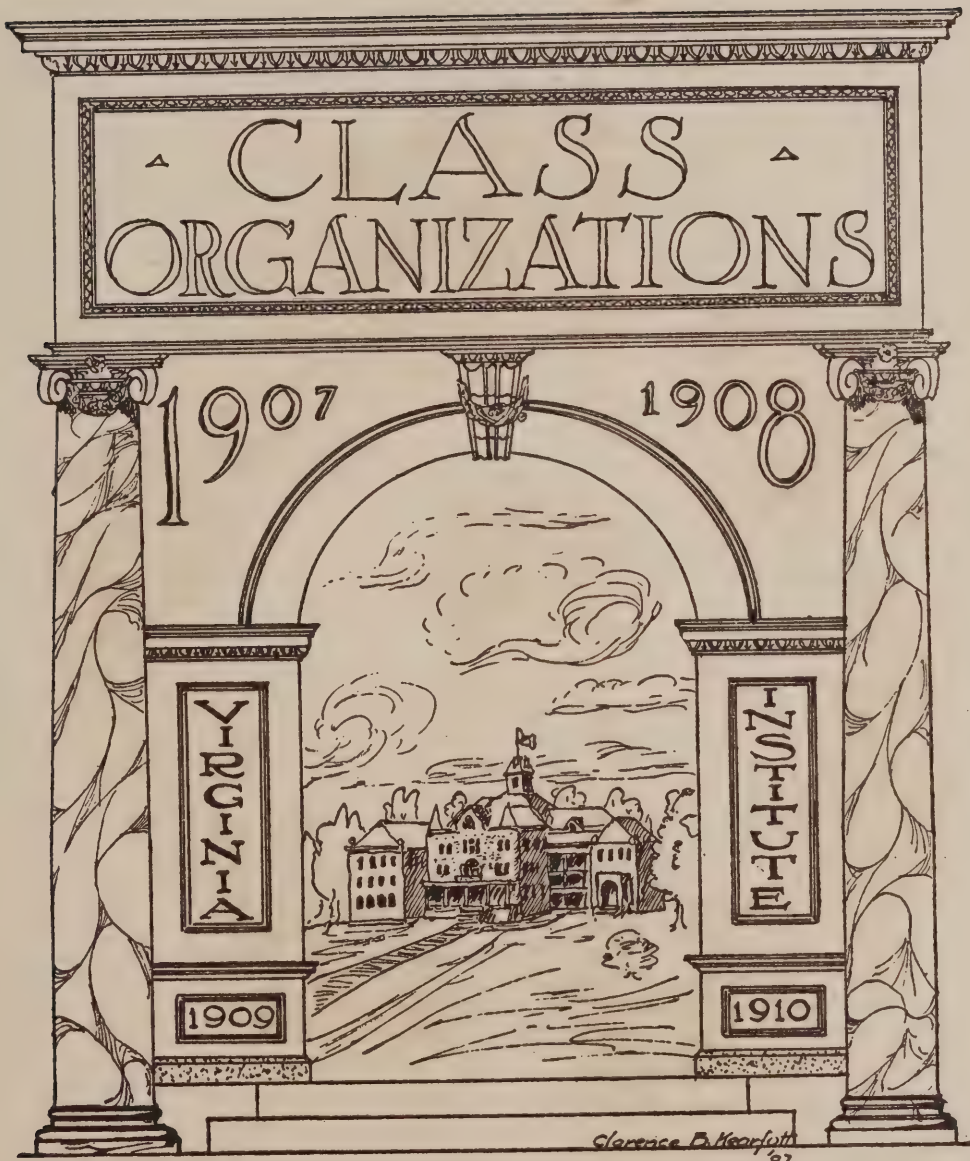
Not only the members of V. I. but all Bristol realizes Prof. Jones' power as a public speaker. For four years the Institute girls have looked forward to his chapel talks, while his frequent invitations to address Bristol admirers shows Bristol's appreciation of his excellence in this capacity.

As an executive we have found that Prof. Jones has few superiors. In the president's absence he very proficiently fills his chair and he performs the duties of lady principal as if he had been officially petticoated for that position.

We who know Prof. Jones best realize that he possesses rare and happy qualities of character. Few students have ever seen him angry, yet all realize that he must be obeyed and respected. A devout Christian, his life at V. I. has been such as to do him and his cause honor. An artist who appreciates the beauties surrounding us and the substantiality of ideal things, he does not despise the matter of fact. More than this, he is a man who knows how to make himself congenial and pleasant with everyone. No one asks a favor of Prof. Jones in vain. No girl ever hesitates to ask Prof. Jones to help her out of her troubles or to perform any favor for her, for she knows that she will never be refused.

There has been no man in all the history of V. I. who has done more for the school. Winter and summer he has toiled in the interest of V. I. He has helped her through her struggles, he has stayed with her and upheld her in her dark hours, and now that he is preparing to leave, her students and friends realize that she is losing one of her best friends.

However, in grieving over our own loss we would not be selfish, but we would wish for Prof. Jones all the happiness and success possible, and we hope that among new friends he will not forget the old ones, but will often think of those he has left at Virginia Institute.





Class of 1907

•

Motto

Age quod agis

Colors

Violet and Gold

Flower

Violet

Officers

MYRTLE ROBINSON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
SUELLA BURNETT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
CLARA GAINES,	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNIE AARON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>

The Class of Nineteen-seven

•

Coming from North and South and West,
Leaving their homes behind them—
A bevy of girls with laugh and jest,
Searching the classics with youthful zest ;
Seniors, at last, we find them.

Of all senior classes of old V. I.,
Foremost is this one—shall I tell you why ?

Not one of these girls but is brilliant of mind.
In CLARA, fine judgment and candor we find ;
Next we see BESSIE with charms ever new ;
Especially bright is our MYRTLE and true ;
These we agree are as fair as the day.
Easy and witty is sweet ROBBIE MAE ;
Early and late we find LALA is there ;
None is more charming than ANNIE, so fair.

SUELLA is winsome and true as can be ;
Every one loves sweet PEGGIE, you see ;
VIRGINIA is modest and sweet to behold ;
Ending with KATE, whose heart is pure gold—
Nay, there is OLLIE, with sweetness untold.

MISS NEWMAN.

Class Poem



Our weary tasks are at an end,
Our College days are o'er ;
No more Greek, no more "Trig,"
No more Logic, the bore.

No more sorrows, no more care,
No more oil we'll burn
O'er problems difficult to solve
And lessons hard to learn.

We all into the world now go,
Able equipped for its fights,
Always keeping before us our motto—
"Do what you do just right."

We'll soar to greatest heights in life,
With our ideals true and high ;
In every act and word and deed
We will honor old V. I.

Each dear familiar face we love,
But the parting hour must come ;
And then we leave this cherished spot
To meet no more as chums.

Farewell, *Alma Mater* our dear :
For you our hearts will yearn,
And in life's work, where'er we be,
Our thoughts to you will turn.

B. S.

ANNIE AARON, B. A., Bristol, Virginia

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."*

Associate Editor Annual, 1907.

President D. T. C., 1907; H. L. S.

One of the most popular among all our "town girls." Standing high in all her classes, always loyal to her school, ever ready to accommodate, she is loved and admired by all.

SUELLA BURNETT, B. A., Newport, Tennessee

*"God sent His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again."*

Secretary H. L. S., 1904.

Corresponding Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1905-'06.

Secretary Athletic Association, 1906.

Vice-President Junior Class, 1906.

Athletic Editor Annual, 1906-'07.

Vice-President Senior Class, 1907.

President Athletic Association, 1907.

Treasurer Rho Delta, 1906.

Secretary Kappa Sigma, 1907.

We love to call "Soupie" our songstress. We are proud of her as our athletic girl; we will remember her as a society girl, a club girl, and a Y. W. C. A. girl, and will always love her as one of the jolliest, dearest girls V. I. has ever had.





ROBBIE MAE CASEY, English Graduate, Clinton, Mississippi

"Always busy, always merry."

Treasurer E. L. S., 1905.

Treasurer C. L. Club, 1905.

Chaplain E. L. S., 1905.

Librarian E. L. S., 1906.

Secretary D. T. Club, 1906.

Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1905-'06.

Vice-President E. L. S., 1907.

"Rob" has the name of being the most studious girl in the class. However, when time comes to play she can forget her tasks and play with spirit.

CLARA GAINES, B. A., Ivanhoe, Virginia

*"A woman mixed of such elements that
were all virtue and religion dead she'd
make them new, being what she is."*

Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1904-'05.

Vice-President Clonian Club, 1905.

Vice-President H. L. S., 1905-'06.

Secretary, 1906-'07.

Secretary Senior Class, 1906-'07.

President Virginia Club, 1906-'07.

Critic H. L. S., 1906.

President H. L. S., 1907.

An all-round woman, who can do anything from making fancy work to debating. For her brilliant mind, as well as for her charming appearance and manners, let her be remembered.

VIRGINIA DUNGAN, B. A., Bristol, Tennessee

*"As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed
eternal as the sky, and like the brook's
low song—her voice.*

In truth it may be said of Virginia "she is fair to look upon," and the Seniors are proud to claim her as the beauty of the class. But they are most proud of her because of the beauty of her character and the loveliness of her disposition.

OLLIE GRIFFIN, English Graduate, Meridian, Mississippi

"Gentle in mien, words and temper."

Our quiet, modest girl. With one word we would describe Ollie as our dreamer. However, we know that she dreams only fair dreams by the way she sings, for her sweet voice betokens a true character and a good heart.





LALA MOORE, B. A., Bristol, Tennessee

"A noble type of brave, heroic womanhood."

We call Lala our faithful girl, and it is her faithfulness and her bravery that has conquered all obstacles in her way and has helped her to graduate with a high standing.

MYRTLE ROBINSON, B. A., Chattanooga, Tennessee

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Critic E. L. S., 1905.
President Cl. Club, 1906.
Secretary E. L. S., 1905-'06.
Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1905-'06.
President E. L. S., 1906.
Business Manager Annual, 1905-'06.
Secretary Athletic Association, 1906-'07.
Editor-in-Chief Annual, 1906-'07.
President Senior Class, 1906-'07.

PEGGIE SHUGART, English Graduate,

*"I am a good child, on the whole a meek and manageable
child—why not?—I do not live to have
the faults of life."*

D. F. C., 1907.

Class Prophet, 1907.

Always in for all the fun going, yet studious. She is liked both by those who play and those who work. She has the gift of prophecy and was therefore made class prophet.

BESSIE STONER, English Graduate, Asheville, North Carolina

*"Her air, her smile, her motions told
of womanly completeness."*

Treasurer H. L. S., 1904-'06.

Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1905-'06.

President North Carolina Club, 1905-'06.

Vice-President H. L. S., 1906.

Vice-President Kappa Gamma, 1906-'07.

President North Carolina Club, 1906-'07.

Our "thinking" girl, always full of ideas on every subject. If every one's opinion of Bess were the same as her own, she would be thought very little of. Instead, she is considered the most generous and one of the dearest girls in our class.





KATE WILLIAMS, English Graduate, Newton, Mississippi

*"She hath a natural, wise, sincerity,
a simple truthfulness; and these have
lent her a dignity as moveless as the
centre."*

Chaplain E. L. S., 1906.

Vice-President E. L. S., 1906.

President E. L. S., 1907.

Corresponding Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1906.

President Kappa Gamma, 1906-'07.

President Mississippi Club, 1906-'07.

Associate Editor Annual, 1906-'07.

President Cross Country Club, 1906-'07.

"Katherine" carries the dignity of the class and more than her share of its popularity. She knows how to be solemn when times come to be solemn, but when there is an occasion to be mirthful no one is merrier.

Class Song

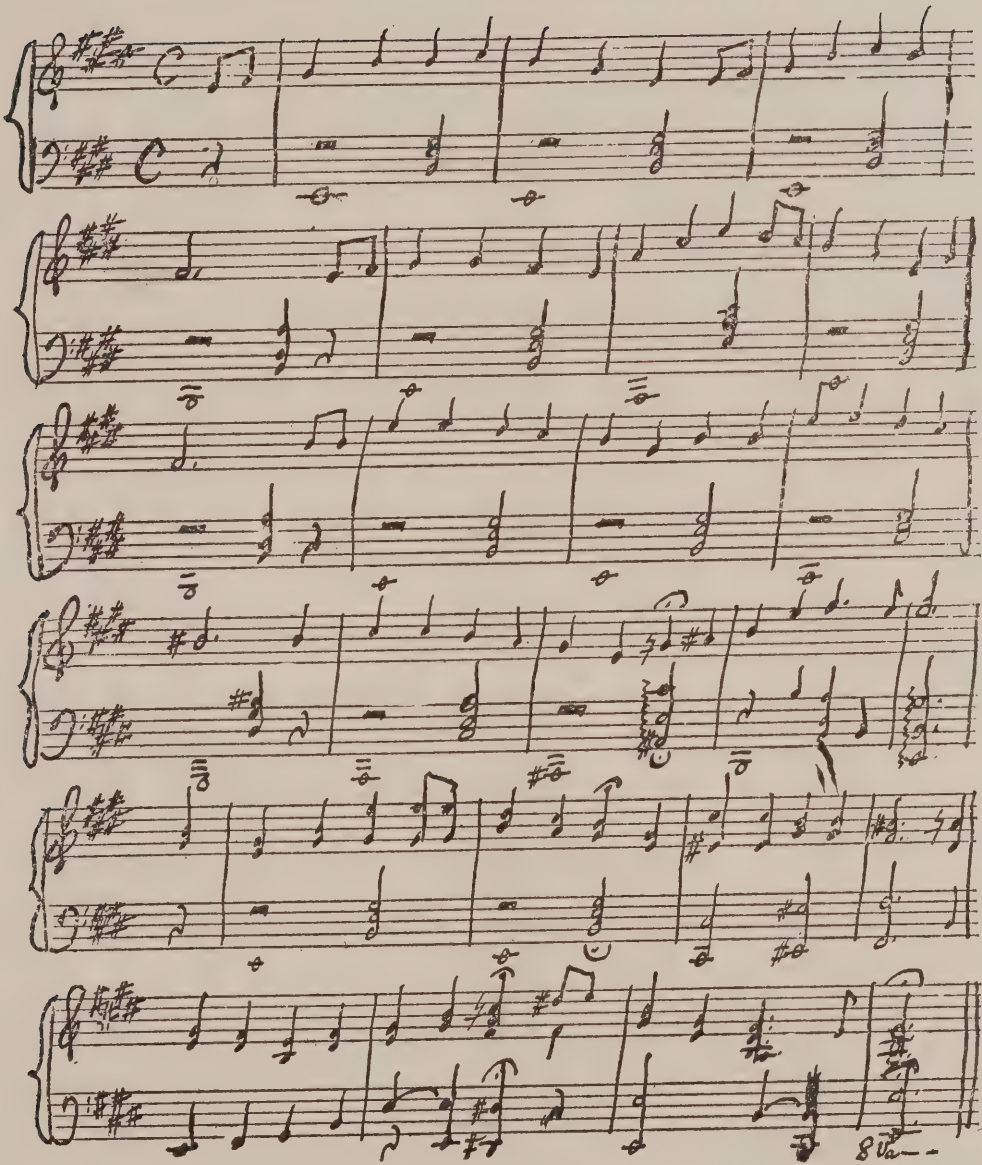


You may search through lands both far and near,
You may go to any clime,
You may dig to depths beneath the sea,
You may climb to stars sublime;
But you'll never find in all your search
In earth or sea or sky,
A senior class whose worth excels
This class of old V. I.

CHORUS

All hail! All hail to the Senior class,
We number five and seven;
No seniors can with us compare—
This class of naughty seven.

We have scaled the dizzy heights of fame,
We have broken barriers down,
And now we go forth into the world
To win us wide renown;
And we say again you'll never find,
In earth, or e'en in heaven,
A senior class whose worth excels
This class of naughty seven.



Class History of '07



In the fall of 1903 we, a band of girls going forth from the home land to explore the fields of knowledge, set foot for the first time on Bristol soil. We came on the Northbound vestibule arriving in the city at about six o'clock; we entered the waiting carriages and were rapidly borne in the direction of the Institute, which was to be our chief battling ground.

As we neared the crest of a long hill we eagerly stretched our necks to get a first peep at our future headquarters. Looming up before us, resplendent with its myriads of lights stood the Institute, with the gray shadows of night fast falling around her, overtopping the tall oaks in the grove beside her. "Surely this will be a pleasant camping place," was the inward exclamation of every girl. Nor was our opinion changed upon receiving such a hearty welcome and being installed in our comfortable quarters.

That night we slept the sleep of the just. We awoke early next morning, being anxious to learn more of our surroundings. On looking out we found that we were on a slight elevation: rolling downward before us was a large campus covered with grass, dotted here and there with beds of beautiful flowers. The city stretched out before us, and all around us in the dim distance, rose the lofty mountains with the glorious sunlight falling upon them. With such surroundings we felt as if we could master any task set before us.

When the novelty of the scene wore away we began to realize that we were in a strange land among a strange people. Longing for home began to pull at our heart strings. Then came the first spell of home-sickness, which however was cured when we became better acquainted and began to form new friendships. Such was the beginning of our four years' strife.

We came from all parts of the land, some having been nurtured in old Virginia, others in fair Tennessee; some came from the land of the tarheels; and last but by no means least there were several daughters of Mississippi, that land of peace and plenty.

We came with the determination to get a peep into that vast region beyond Wisdom's gate, to which there is but one key—the key of study. Our hopes and ambitions were high, but our ardor was somewhat cooled after we settled down to work. When we wrestled for the first time with those propositions in plane geometry, when we tried to read those burning epithets that Cicero hurled at Cataline; when we scanned Virgil, looking in vain for the music our teacher said was there; when we took long strolls over the rough hills looking for flowers to pick to pieces in botany class, we found that we had to descend from our lofty perch. But in spite of

all these trials, we managed to pull through the year, some coming out with colors flying, others with them dragging in the dust.

We returned the next year to realize that our ranks were somewhat thinned; a few finding the stepping stones too far apart, had faltered by the wayside. We started in to expend the energy we had laid up during our vacation. We were more hopeful this year; having worn off the green, we didn't look nor feel quite so "fresh." We now conquered tasks that once seemed almost beyond mastery. We struggled with parallelo pipeds in geometry and those horrible logarithms in "trig." Here we got our first taste of French. How we fought with those "saddle pockets," saying over and over again the rule for their position before we could call ourselves victors. Hear we met for the first time the German ch, which Prof. Jones repeated for us again and again, saying nothing but a German and a goose could sound it, (he's not a German). During this year we were introduced in a very pleasing manner to the Cæsars, Hannibal, Alexander, Cyrus, and many other great men of ancient Greece and Rome. We dwelt upon their great achievements which have largely made the history and nations of the world. We left for our homes in May, realizing that we had fought a good fight, but that there was still much to conquer.

We passed the year 1905-6 very successfully, each of us coming out with good marks and the high esteem (?) of the faculty. The things that we did, the works that we wrought, and the blunders that we made are too many to enumerate.

Returning last September we found that our band numbered eleven, eleven jolly good girls. Each one's ambitions and hopes have been a part of those of the class. We have shared each other's sorrows, shared each other's joys. Pleasant memories will ever cling around this year of our life. We shall ever remember Annie Aaron, so stately and graceful, who always answers cheerfully duty's call. She is ever on time at her Latin class, reading so clearly and distinctly that it is a pleasure to listen to her.

Next comes Suella Burnett, she of the beautiful voice. She is always jolly, never blue, ever ready to lend a helping hand. Her chief delight is to chaperon.

Robbie Mae Casey, the youngest of our lot, will never overcome her childish ways. She is so fond of her books that she rises at five every morning to hold communion with them for two hours before breakfast.

Virginia Dungan, although coming from Marion, is insane on but one subject, chemistry. She has been known to go through the same experiment as many as seven times. Her motto is "Do-velle."

Next on our list comes Clara Gaines, the girl with the logical mind. She is the bravest of our band, fearing neither bugs nor rats. She is a lover of poetry and ministers, especially the ministers.

Ollie Griffin, our Y. W. C. A. choir, is always dreaming. We have often wondered what about, but the mystery was solved when she wrote a composition on "The Ideal Man."

Next comes Lala Moore, quiet, modest and studious. She is faithful in all her duties, attacking bravely every task that is set before her.

Myrtle Robinson is the society lady of our class. She looks forward with great pleasure to each reception. Notwithstanding this she is a remarkably bright girl.

"And still they looked, and still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all she knew."

Peggy Shugart, the prophetess, in looking into the future has not failed to provide for herself. Miss Townsend very often finds love letters among her shorthand notes. But I guess love letters are well enough to practice on. Last but not least comes Bessie Stoner. Judging from her size you would think she is our youngest member, but appearances are sometimes deceiving. She is always having thoughts. She is a good housekeeper and says she is going to keep house for her father this summer.

This completes the list of the best class of girls that have ever turned their backs on old V. I. We have often been tired and troubled, but have found Greek an excellent cure for such diseases. We are so fond of it that we have learned our prayers in Greek, have prevailed upon Mr. Jones to ask the blessing in Greek, and have persuaded some of the Faculty to join our class. We recite seven times a week, reading the Testament on Sunday. We always beg for a lesson on holidays. Our teacher seems a little tired of the subject and is anxious for school to close so he can get a rest.

Our first impressions have clung to us and this beloved institution has grown dearer to our hearts as the years have passed. We will never forget our kind and thoughtful Faculty. No words of mine can express our love and respect for our noble President, firm yet kind, true as steel to all that is honest and upright.

"He has done the work of a true man—
Crown him, honor him, love him.

* * * * *

No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun ;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done."

The good old college days, the happiest of a girl's life, are fast coming to a close. In a little while they will be but one of the pictures that hang on Memory's wall. Then we will each launch our boat on the sea of life. Let us hope that all will steer clear of the treacherous shoals, and that each boat will cast its anchor in the harbor of success.

Junior Class



Motto

Per Aspera ad Astra

Colors

Old Rose and Green

Flower

La France Rose

Officers

LIDIE COURTS	-	-	-	<i>President</i>	AIMEE McALPIN	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>
QUEEN HONEYCUTT	-			<i>Vice-President</i>	MYRTLE HAMPTON	-	-	<i>Historian</i>
FANNIE WOMACK	-	-		<i>Secretary</i>	VIVIAN WYSONG	-	-	<i>Poet</i>

Members

BEULAH LEE	MABEL WAUGH	AIMEE McALPIN	BENNIE SLAUGHTER
OLA BURTON	EVELYN JACKSON	QUEEN HONEYCUTT	CARRIE LEE BINGHAM
RUTH BROWN	VIVIAN WYSONG	IRENE GREENWALD	ZIRLETA MATTHEWS
LILLIAN BACON	MARY HUTTON	FLOY McCORKLE	MINNEOLA HENDERSON
ALICE ROGERS	FANNIE WOMACK	MYRTLE HAMPTON	KATHRYN HUTCHISON
LIDIE COURTS	BERTIE JOHNSON	BROWNING BOBBITT	

Junior Class Poem



We are the worthy Juniors,
Best class in all the land,
Striving, winning laurels
Together, hand in hand.

Grasping knowledge gladly
"Through rough places to the stars,"
Marching on! '07-'08—
O'er obstacles and bars.

Our motto—'tis no other,
"Per aspera ad astra,"
(Preferring Latin, as you see)
But good in all—Ha! Ha!

Old Rose and Myrtle Green,
These are our colors rare,
Beneath them you will find us,
From first to end of year.

"23" the Juniors number,
A glad and joyous crowd;
We're full of fun and frolic,
But *never* voted loud.

From eight fair states we come,
Filled with peace and joy;
Juniors in June—September return
As Seniors, "shy and coy."

"Quality not quantity counts,"
"Excelsior"—our high aim—
"Here's to the '08 Seniors,
May they ne'er stop short of fame."

VIVIAN LEE WYSONG.

A Trial of the Juniors



I slept and dreamed; and lo! I was in the midst of a great assembly of men and women. I was completely dazed, but grasped the situation as best I could, looked around and beheld on either side of me my friends, my classmates—the gay Juniors. On their brows a shade of care was flitting. They seemed to be waiting and yearning for something. What could it all mean?

Immediately in front of me I saw a number of men vastly different in appearance. Their countenances were shining and intelligent. A little bit confused by all these noble-looking people, I could not immediately recognize them; but managing to collect my faculties, it suddenly dawned upon me that I, an humble Junior, stood in the presence of those great men of whom we had studied. Again I wondered what could it all mean.

Eager to learn I now looked behind me and saw a still smaller crowd, which I shall not attempt to describe. They were all looking down at me silently and wonderingly. Not being able to understand it all yet, I sat down determined to await the issue of affairs.

Finally, a venerable looking man, with a deep, sonorous voice, signaled for silence and called the assembly to order. There was immediate silence, and the large man demanded that the charge be read. I started, understanding it all now. Juniors, judges, charges, and the other people. A court! The Juniors of Virginia Institute, my classmates, had been brought to the annual trial before the sages of all the ages. After the charge was made, the witnesses for both complainants and defendants were called. The testimonies were given and the Juniors seemed to be doomed. After a few minutes a band of those great men stepped forward and asked if they might speak a word in defense of the class. The honorable chairman assented, and they seated themselves in the inner circle. The excitement of the court was intense. Still the Juniors anxiously, timidly waited.

Then a most commanding personage, our old friend, Mr. Pancoast, addressed the court: "Honorable judges, let me speak a word in defense of these girls. I have known and been associated with them for a long time and can testify that they have diligently performed the tasks I have demanded of them. I do not speak alone for myself, but have the endorsement of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and a host of distinguished men of letters, all of whom are before you. I submit that the faithfulness

with which they have studied the writings of these master minds, should overbalance any violations of decorum with which they are charged. In your decision, Honorable judges, I pray you be as lenient as possible to the Faithful Juniors."

Next, the chairman of the Latin committee arose and I recognized my best friend, Virgil, who said, "Talk not to me of the Juniors, for they are truly great. With them in their Sophomore year I visited the ruins of Troy, ancient Carthage, and even the Plutonian regions themselves, and a more faithful band I never saw. For hours they have listened to the famous orations of Cicero and read unceasingly Horace and Livy. I say show clemency to the 'Blessed Juniors.'"

The faces of the Juniors beamed with pleasure, evincing their appreciation of the speeches in their behalf.

Our good logical friend next arose and in a very forcible manner declared that the Juniors were geniuses in the study of the syllogism and that they had been made to deliver some famous arguments concerning the investigation of the process of thinking. He closed his appeal with the words, "Could such a class be condemned?"

Last, but not least, a famous mathematician took the floor—"Honorable judges and members of the court," said he, "for a long time I have been doing construction work with the Juniors. We have scaled pyramids, bisected spheres, glided over plains and located points together. I never saw a better equipped class for such work and hope that you will deal mercifully with them."

The crisis had come. The judges retired to confer while the crowd waited with bated breath to hear the momentous decision. The judges returned after a short deliberation and amid cheers of approval delivered the verdict, "Not Guilty."

In the twinkling of an eye the atmosphere of the whole court was changed and we filed out amid applause and congratulations, and a sonorous voice called over the tumult, "Juniors, you have your reward. Arise, press forward to action, for you are now the acknowledged Seniors of nineteen hundred and eight." I awoke crying with joy, and believing that my dream would be realized; and that though the Juniors are gay and fun-loving now, they will press on to nobler things worthy of dignified Seniors of Virginia Institute.

Motto

Allons

Colors

Orange and White

Flower

Daisy

Officers

MARY MATTHEWS	-	-	-	-	President
CATHERINE CONN	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
HAZEL COURTS	-	-	-	-	Secretary
MARY PARSONS	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
SADIE RISER	-	-	-	-	Artist



Members

CLARA HARWOOD

ALMA CRABTREE

REBECCA MILLS

GRACE BAYLOR

BEULAH MAY

NELLE LANE

SADIE RISER LUCY GRAY

PORTIA HUNTLEY

WILLIE McCORKLE

MIGNONETTE BLOOM

MAIE HOLLINGSWORTH

CONSTANCE HUNTLEY

WILLIE MAE MELLARD

JOE STIFF

HATTIE ANDERSON

ELIZABETH SNODGRASS

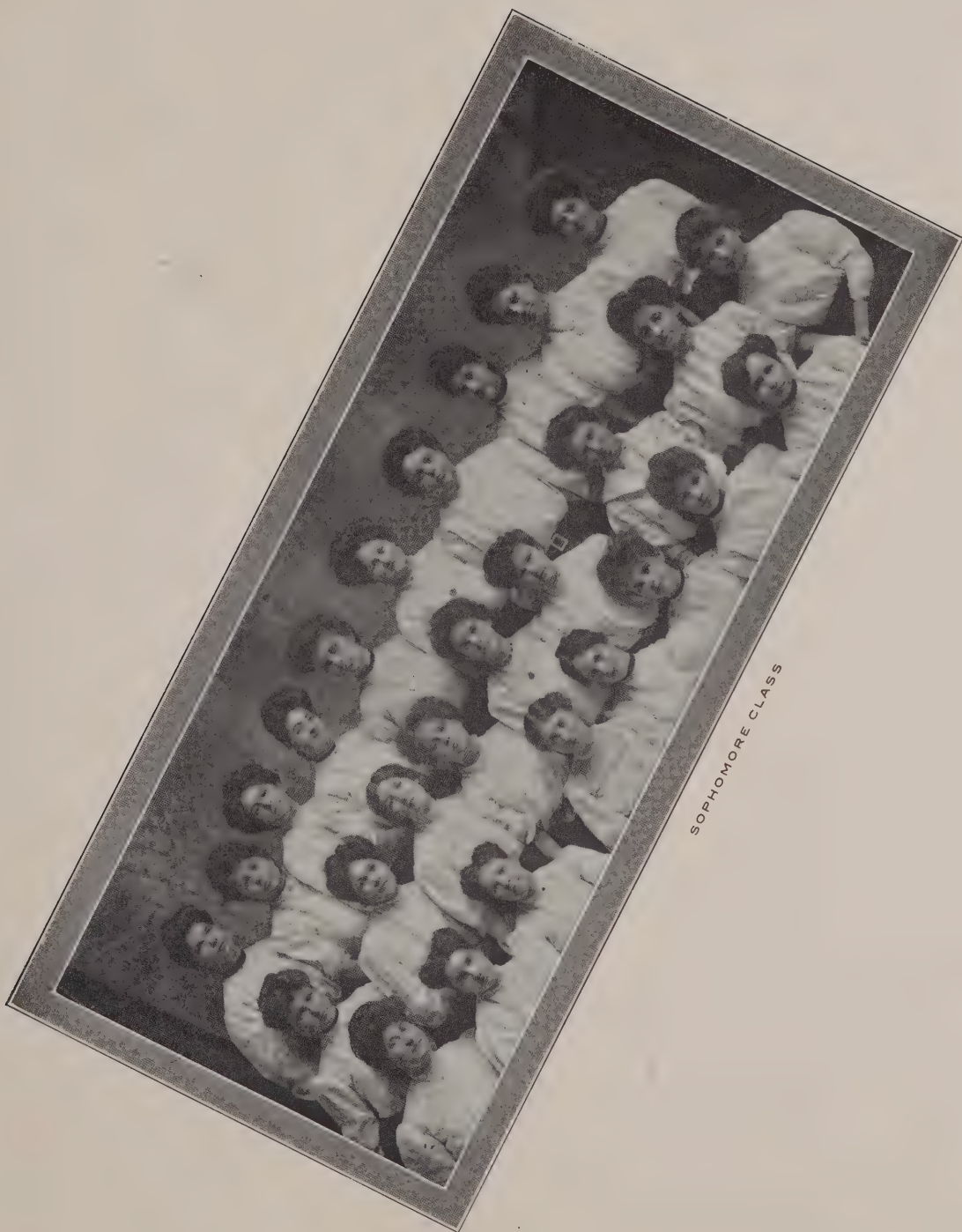
BANIE JOHNSTON

ELIZABETH COSHOW

FRANKIE MIMS

KATE COMBS





SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMEN

Motto

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again

Color

Green

Flower

Butter Cup

Officers

HAZEL COSHOW	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
ALICE BUNCH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
MABEL DULANEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

EVA MAE BALLARD

ALICE BUNCH

OLIVE BOBBITT

PAULINE CROUCH

HAZEL COSHOW

ELLA RATLIFF

LOUISE WRIGHT

MABEL DULANEY

LUTIE HUGHES

JESSIE TURNBOUGH

BLANCHE WILSON

LORENA SENEKER

EMMA WIRTHS

Freshman Class Poem



Dem big Seniors tink the're it,
But dey ain't in it, not a bit ;
Dey laufs at us 'ittle folks
An' talks about their Greek,
'Ist like English wasn't good
As anything to speak ;
And we don't like it, no siree !
Cause we're de Freshmen, he-ee-ee.

Den dem Juniors dey are wus
Dan de Seniors are to us;
Jes cause dey know "Logic"
An' something dey call "Trig"
Dey go a struttin' 'roun'
'Ist like dey thought dey's big;
Now dey aint one bit better'n we,
If we're Freshmen, he-ee-ee.

And den dem 'ittle Sop-a-mores,
Deys de wus of all un bores.
You know dey study gometry,
Physics and such messes,
Den poke dere fingers out at us
An' call us 'ittle freshes ;
Next year bigger 'an dey we'll be,
'Cos we're de Freshmen, he-ee-ee.

Freshmen, Freshmen, proud are we;
Freshmen, Freshmen, bright to be;
We hold our heads about as high
As any ob de rest.
Of all de classes at V. I.,
De Freshmen are de best ;
No one is half so smart as we
'Cos we're de Freshmen, he-ee-ee.

A. B. C.



Art Department

■



MISS WILLINGHAM, DIRECTOR

Art Club



Officers

President—LILLIAN BACON

Vice-President—ANNE KENNEDY

Secretary—SADIE RISER

Treasurer—PEARL WILSON

Artist-in-Chief—MISS WILLINGHAM

Flower

Violet

Colors

Violet and green

Bell

"Miss Willingham, you haven't helped me this week!"

Cry

"I can't do this!"

Admonition

"Keep right on. It's coming."



Daily Occurrences in the Studio

Lillian and Sadie Despair and Hope again. Anne Looks Volumes over somebody's meddling. Sadie's apron is gone. Beulah Smashes a piece of China. Emma Borrows (?) turpentine and alcohol. Little Lillian suddenly Wants "to go see Mrs. Fowler." Miss Galloway Lectures on Past Travels. Pearl—"Miss Willingham, can't you finish my picture this morning?" Theodore Absent. Maud Discovers something Gone. "Don't bother Wanda's desk." "Don't make so much fuss." "Don't walk so heavy." "Don't anybody bother my paint while I'm gone." "Don't touch that China." "Don't get my board."



Uttered Ambitions

Olive Bobbit to get married. Mr. Kearfott to paint trees. Ollie May King to draw casts and study in New York. Sadie Riser "to get home." Lillian Bacon to get her debts paid. Anne Kennedy to teach Art. Gertrude Jones to paint China. Willie Maie McCorkle to do a moonlight scene. Beulah May to paint a Tapestry. Wanda Powers(?) Emma Wirths to experiment. Theodore Swan to build Hotels. Gertrude Clark to decorate a home. Miss Mahoney to take a Ph. D. from Heidelberg. Minneola Henderson— Maud Henderson (?) Leonora Lake to stay in this country. Miss Galloway to be a Dr. — Willie Mae Millard and Bessie Bee Turner to have a good time next summer.



Music Department

•



PROF. S. T. SCHROETTER, DIRECTOR

1 Berrie Stoner
 2 Maggie Roller
 3 Vivian Wyrong
 4 Aimee McAlpin
 5 Ollie Griffin

12 Clara Gainer
 11 Ruth Brown
 10 Mignonette Bloom
 9 Eugenia Stokes
 8 Evelyn Jackson



6 Constance Huntley
 15 Maude Johnson
 14 Minnie Henderson
 13 Ethel May

1 Louise Wright
 16 Browning Robbitt
 17 Catharine Conn
 18 Nannie Crismond

CERTIFICATE CLASS



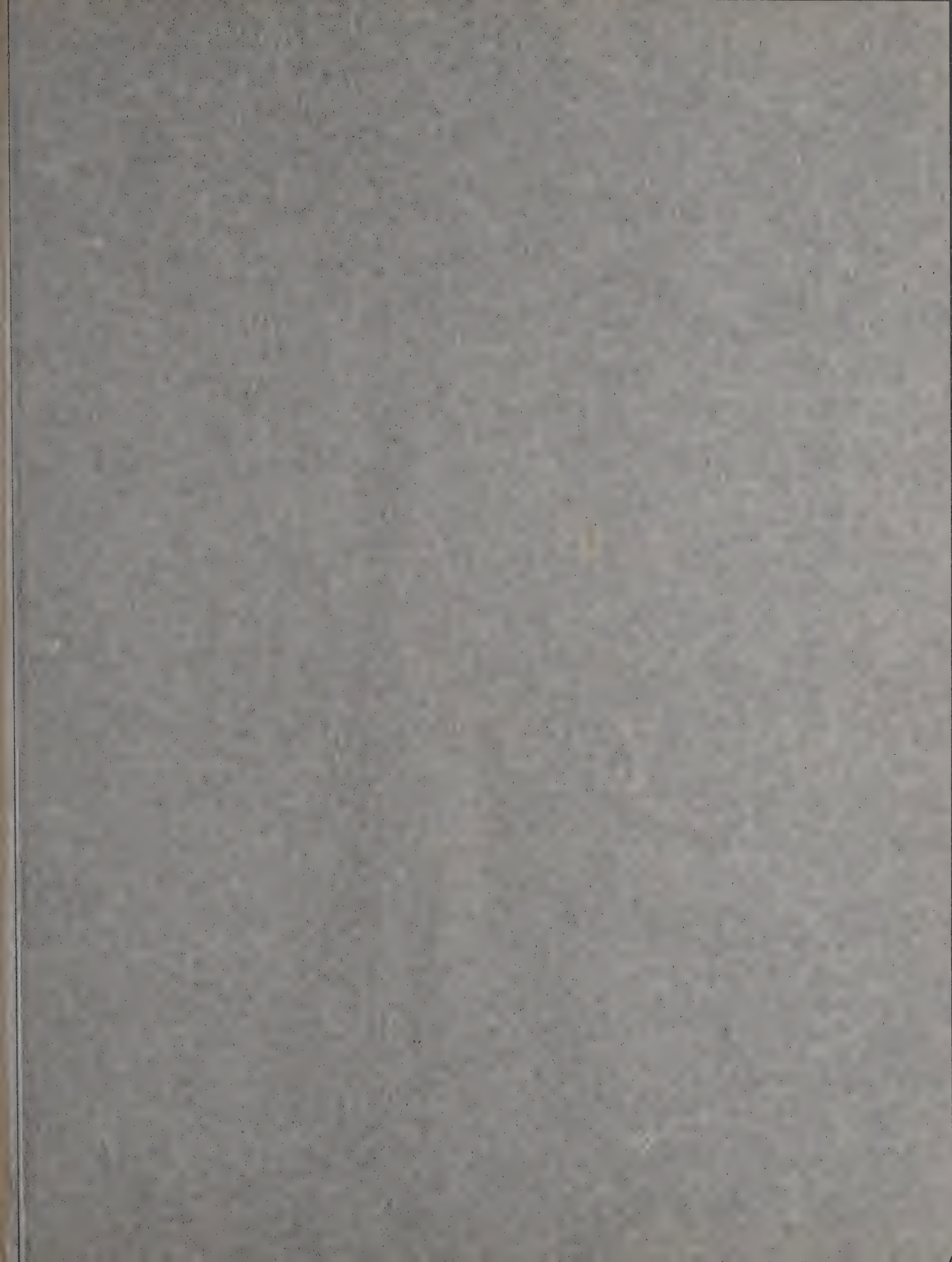
Vocal Department

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MISS WALL, DIRECTOR

Handwritten musical score for two hymns. The first hymn, "Hymne à la Vierge" (Hymn to the Virgin), is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and consists of several measures. The second hymn, "Hymne à l'Enfant Jésus" (Hymn to the Infant Jesus), is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is more complex, featuring many beamed sixteenth notes. The score is written on aged, yellowed paper with some staining and a large, dark, irregular mark on the left side.



Chorus Club

Bells

Ra, ra, re!
Who are we?
Singers, singers,
He, he, he!
Rough, tough;
We're the stuff.
We sing always,
And never get enough!

Razzle, dazzle, sizzle, sizzle,
Sis boom ba,
Chorus, chorus,
Ha, ha, ha.

Colors

Navy Blue and White

Members

HATTIE ANDERSON	HATTIE BROWN	SUELLA BURNETT
LILLIAN BACON	SOCIA BOWEN	ERMA BARKER
CORNIE BOWEN	OLA BURTON	CARRIE LEE BINGHAM
MIGNONETTE BLOOM	BROWNING BOBBITT	HAZEL COSHOW
HAZEL COURTS	LIDIE COURTS	EFFIE CROUCH
OLLIE GRIFFIN	MINNEOLA HENDERSON	KATHRYN HUTCHISON
QUEEN HONEYCUTT	PORTIA HUNTLEY	CONNIE HUNTLEY
BERTA JONHSON	EVELYN JACKSON	ANNE KENNEDY
BEULAH LEE	LUCILE LOWRY	SALLIE LYNCH
MONNIE MOORE	HALLIE MORRIS	BEULAH MAY
FLOY McCORKLE	WILLIE McCORKLE	ETHEL MAY
FRANKIE MIMS	SARAH MARTIN	ZIRLETA MATTHEWS
REBECCA MILLS	MYRTLE ROBINSON	ELLA RATLIFF
BENNIE SLAUGHTER	BESS STONER	EDNA SUTHERLAND
MISS STOKELY	MISS TOWNSEND	BESS TURNER
LUCY VANCE	LUCY VERMILLION	MABEL WAUGH
FANNIE WOMACK	VIVIAN WYSONG	
BLANCHE WILSON	EMMA WIRTHS	
LOUISE WRIGHT		

A Bit of Romance in Old P. I.

(With Due Apologies to the Faculty)



There once was a WALL that enclosed a garden,
A garden so fair to see,
With flowers galore, some gay, some white,
As beautiful as they could be.

Now a GARDNER there was who tended this garden,
And so proud of his flowers was he,
That he stayed in this garden from morning till night,
So he his flowers might see.

A maiden there lived just over the way,	A NEWMAN bought that garden one day,
So coy and debonair,	The garden with its flowers galore,
That the very flowers blossomed under her feet,	And this was his favorite resting place,
How dainty and witchingly fair!	When his brain was weary and sore.

This man had a name as all men have,
It was—well, never matter,
It might have been JONES, it might have been BRUNER,
Or—well—it could have been SCHROETTER.

The maiden strolled by the gate one morn,
Innocent of any harm,
The young man saw her and instantly
Perceived her lovely charm.

Then he called to her from over the WALL,
“I'd like to know you so;
There are many things to CONVERSE about,
You surely can't say no.”

* * * * *

Well, it's the same old story in the same old way,
A boy, a girl, and fate,
Friendly meetings, friendly talks, till one day
He called to her over the gate:

“Wait MA-HONEY, I've a question to ask,	Now how do I know this story true?
Will you marry me?” said he;	Why it's as plain as it can be,
“WILLING-(H)AM I? You bet your life,	The WALL had ears and the GARDNER eyes,
Wedded we soon shall be.”	And they told it all to me.

—C. A. G.



Expression Department

7



MISS SPIGENER, DIRECTOR

As you Like it.



"Men have died and worms have eaten them But not for love."

Dramatis Personae

The Duke	- - -	Ola Burton	William	- - -	May Belle Barker
Duke Frederick	- - -	Nannie Crismond	Touchstone	- - -	Myrtle Robinson
Amiens	- - -	Lutie Hughes	Sylvius	- - -	Aimee McAlpine
Jacques	- - -	Constance Huntley	Corin	- - -	Alma Crabtree
Oliver	- - -	Janie Fennessee	Rosalind	- - -	Marion Elizabeth Spigener
Jacques de Bois	- - -	Frankie Mims	Celia	- - -	Mary Matthews
Orlando	- - -	Kathryn Hutchison	Phoebe	- - -	Louise Wright
Adam	- - -	Robbie Mae Casey	Audry	- - -	Eva Ballard

SHEPHERDESSES—Catherine Conn, Nell Lane, Lucy Vance, Mabel Dulaney, Flora Sonner, Edna Sutherland

FORESTERS—Queen Honeycutt, Kate Combs, Myrtle Hampton, Virgie Lee Turner, Portia Huntley
Alice Rodgers, Hazel Coshaw, Irene Greenwald, Ollie Griffin.

A Lord - - - - - Jessie Turnbough

Synopsis

ACT I—COURT OF DUKE FREDERICK

SCENE 1. Oliver, the oldest son of Sir Roland de Bois, mistreats his younger brother Orlando. Orlando determines to take with him his old man Adam, and to seek refuge in the Forest of Arden.

SCENE 2. Celia and Rosalind enter. Celia is daughter of Duke Frederick who has banished his brother, Rosalind's father, from his dukedom. The girls talk of their love for each other and of Rosalind's love for Orlando. Duke Frederick enters and orders Rosalind to leave the court. Celia determines to go with her. They plan to disguise as shepherd and shepherdess, call themselves Ganymede and Aliena, take with them Touchstone, the court fool, and flee to the Forest of Arden.

ACT II—FOREST OF ARDEN

SCENE 1. Enter Rosalind as Ganymede and Celia as Aliena with Touchstone. Just after their arrival they meet Corin, a shepherd and engage a cot from him.

SCENE 2. Sylvius, a shepherd, makes love to Phoebe, a shepherdess, but Phoebe, seeing Ganymede (Rosalind), falls in love with him.

SCENE 3. Orlando enters forest with Adam, who is overcome by the journey. Orlando goes in search of food.

SCENE 4. The banished duke and his followers are preparing their evening meal. Orlando enters and demands food for Adam. His request is granted and the old man is fed. Orlando hangs love verses to Rosalind on the trees.

SCENE 5. Corin and Touchstone converse. Ganymede (Rosalind) finds Orlando's verses. Aliena (Celia) enters and tells Rosalind that Orlando, her lover, is in the forest. Orlando enters, Ganymede (Rosalind) teases him about his love and promises to cure him.

ACT III—FOREST OF ARDEN

SCENE 1. Orlando comes according to promise and woos Ganymede. Sylvius brings Ganymede a letter from Phoebe. Oliver enters and tells of his reconciliation with his brother Orlando. He and Aliena (Celia) love at first sight.

SCENE 2. Touchstone woos Audry, a country maid and banishes her former lover William.

SCENE 3. Orlando, Sylvius and Phoebe promise to meet the next day at which time Ganymede (Rosalind) agrees to make all wrongs right and to please all the lovers.

SCENE 4 (A day later). The banished duke and his followers, Orlando, Phoebe, Sylvius and all of the lovers of the forest are gathered together. Enter Rosalind and Celia in their true characters, Duke Frederick and Orlando. Rosalind makes herself known to her father and gives herself to Orlando.

A Lyric



We began at the first of the year,
With a ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga,
And with many a sigh and a tear,
For our ma, ma, ma, ma, ma, ma.

But at last, as we some older grew,
We were heard with a laugh, ha, ha;
And our teacher as better we knew,
We never said with a sigh, bah, bah.

Ea-o, ea-o, ea-o,
Hear us now as we shout and sing,
The Expression class "is a go,"
And a proof of this fact we bring.

Now we're Germans and shout with our might
As we go through the halls, ya, ya;
And we hear from some room to our right,
Some one calling aloud, pa, pa.

Now we're Greek with our Alpha to Delta,
And we close with a la, le, lo, lu,
As we hurry to class helter skelter,
The expression "will get there too."

That is all, so we make our best bow,
Oh, Expression's the thing, ra, ra;
We are sorry to leave you, but now
We retire with a soft ta, ta.

K. M. H.

“Think, Think, Think”



“Think, think, think,
And stir thy lazy brain,”
And I would that my tongue could utter
The efforts that were in vain.

Oh, well for the thoughtless maid
Who deems Expression is vain;
O, well for the girl who finds
How to live on a higher plane.

But my learned thoughts think on,
And the ideas easy flow—
Yet still I think of the olden time
Before my brain did grow.

Think, think, think,
'Tis a joy that can ne'er be told;
Farewell for aye—to the old time day,
Before Miss Spigener took hold.

R.



An Allegory



In a rustic Cottage among the hills of old Virginia dwelt an aged Teacher, and around her were gathered the Disciples of the Spoken Word.

Early in her career she selected Miss Nature Study and Prof. Sequence of Ideas as her chief assistants. For awhile all went well, but one day there was great consternation in the Cottage when Mr. Harmonic Expansion and Miss Constriction had some fiery words, and it was whispered about that Mr. Harmonic Expansion had been very rude to Miss Constriction. The Teacher sent Pantomime, the errand boy,

for Prof. Relaxation, and he immediately settled the difficulty by dismissing Miss Constriction from the Teacher's presence, and the report is that she died of suppressed emotion.

Soon after this a broad shouldered youth with an intellectual face took up his abode with the Disciples. He registered as Mr. Conception. He studied hard and seemed deeply in earnest, but he was always melancholy and sad, and in spite of his efforts it seemed impossible for him to accomplish much in his work. The ones in authority studied his case carefully and at last decided to send for his two sisters, Misses Abandon and Responsiveness. After their arrival all was well with Conception; these three were perfectly devoted to each other, and were seldom seen apart. Their family resemblance was so striking that strangers often remarked upon it.

One of the most interesting things that ever happened in this community was the marriage of Mr. Change of Pitch and Miss Pause. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Phrasing, assisted by Prof. Sequence of Ideas, both of whom were intimate friends of the Teacher. Miss Touch, one of the most cultured friends of Miss Pause, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Inflection was best man.

Up to the time of this marriage Mr. Inflection had always been accompanied by his bull dog Circumflex, but Circumflex was never seen after this occasion. Some think that his master became so fond of Miss Touch that he no longer felt the need of his dog's companionship, and that one evening when they were out rowing on the Lake of Imagination, which surrounds the Cottage on three sides, that they threw poor old Circumflex overboard.

One Spring a new professor was elected Dr. Poise. He was extremely irritable, but young Prof. Freedom, his chief assistant, was loved by every one. After the arrival of these two the aged Teacher seemed to take a new lease on life, and she and Mr. Repose might be seen often together talking happily and planning future work for the Disciples.

All of the inmates of the Cottage enjoyed an outing, conducted by Mr. Spontaneity on Mt. Inspiration, at the close of each year's work. And a congenial party it was that gathered there, for the Teacher was very careful of her invitations, and those who were apt to make themselves unpleasant were left at home. On one occasion the poor old janitor, Chaos, was among the unfortunate, and when the party returned that night he was nowhere to be found; he had gone, never to return.

On the day of this celebration the teacher always gave the Disciples a long talk commending them for their attainments. And she would give several of the most worthy a valuable paper, which, when presented at a certain narrow gateway, would secure for them admission into the Marble Palace called Art.

E.

Athletic Association

Officers

MISS SPIGENER

President

SUELLA BURNETT

1st Vice-President

LIDIE COURTS

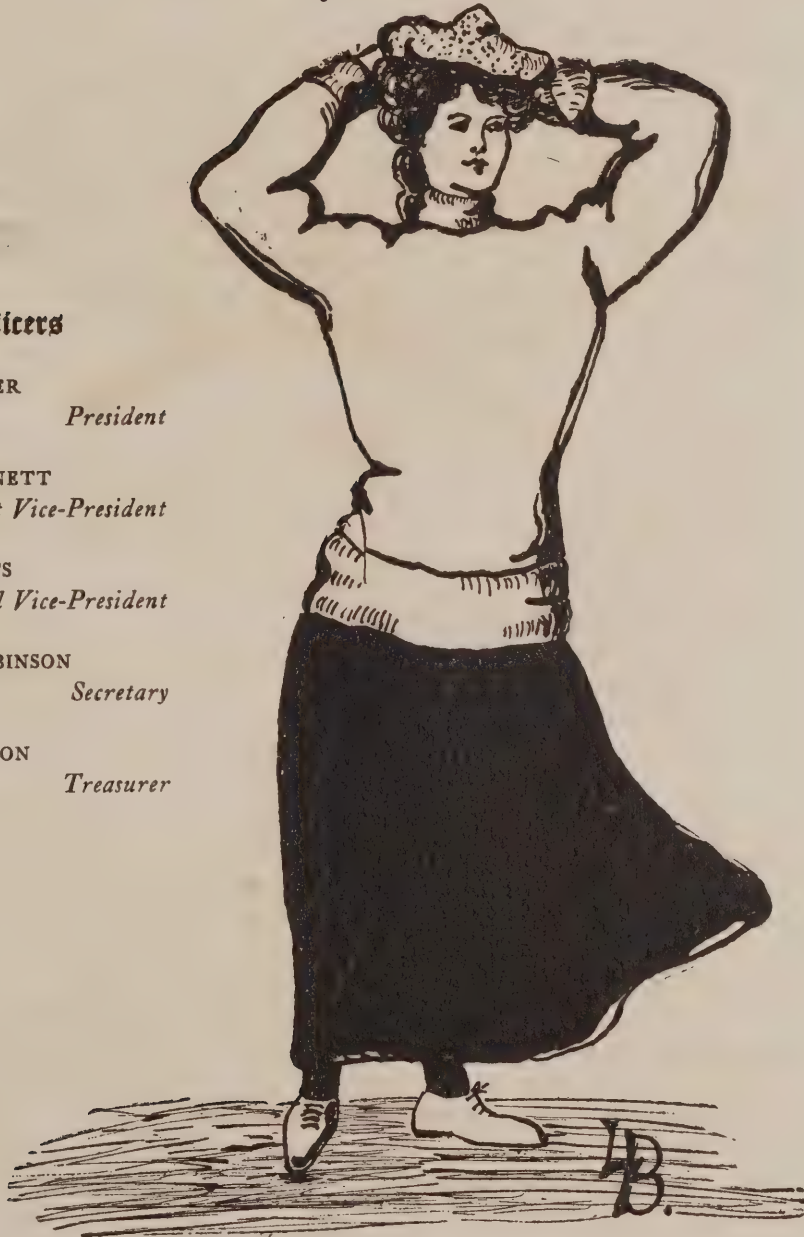
2nd Vice-President

MYRTLE ROBINSON

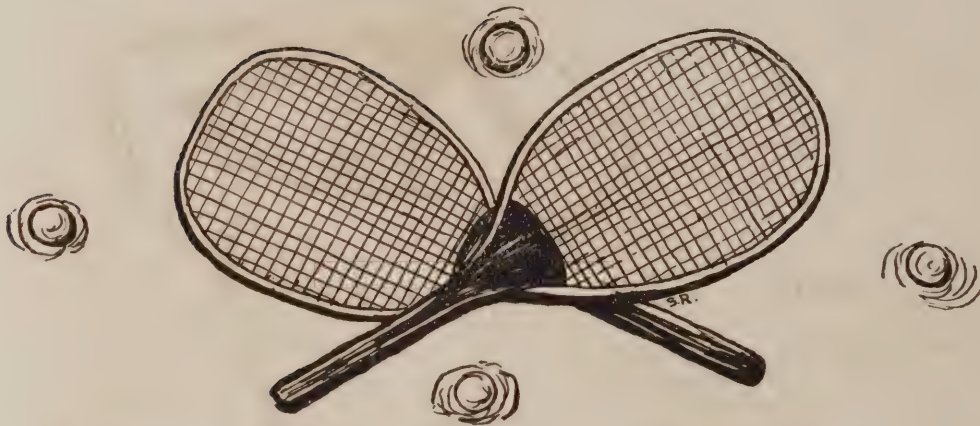
Secretary

LILLIAN BACON

Treasurer



Tennis Club



Colors

Black and White

Favorite Expression

We always raise a racket at the right time

Officers

WILLIE MAIE McCORKLE	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
CATHERINE CONN	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
EVELYN JACKSON	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>
MYRTLE HAMPTON	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>

Members

WILLIE McCORKLE
EMMA WIRTHS
SUELLA BURNETT
HATTIE ANDERSON
BESSIE TURNER
FRANKIE MIMS
BERTA JOHNSON
MARY MATTHEWS
CATHERINE CONN
MYRTLE HAMPTON

MABEL WAUGH
QUEEN HONEYCUTT
RUTH BROWN
ZIRLETA MATTHEWS
AIMEE McALPINE
BEULAH MAY
LOUISE WRIGHT
FANNIE WOMACK
CONSTANCE HUNTLEY
PORTIA HUNTLEY

LUCY VANCE
NELLE LANE
LILLIAN BACON
EVELYN JACKSON
EVA MAY BALLARD
KATHRYN HUTCHISON
ALICE RODGERS
VIRGIE LEE TURNER
MIGNONETTE BLOOM
MINNEOLA HENDERSON

Honorary Members

DR. HENDERSON

PROF. CONVERSE

PROF. BRUNER

MISS WILLINGHAM

MISS STOKELY

Cross-Country Club



Members

LILLIAN BACON
MAE BELLE BARKER
MABEL DULANEY
OLLIE GRIFFIN
CLARA HARWOOD
MAIE HOLLINGSWORTH
KATHRYN HUTCHISON
ANN KENNEDY

BELLE LESTER
FRANKIE MIMS
FLOY McCORKLE
WILLIE McCORKLE
SADIE RISER
MYRTLE ROBINSON
ALICE RODGERS
ELIZABETH SNODGRASS

FLORA SONNER
EDNA SUTHERLAND
BESSIE TURNER
MABEL WAUGH
EMMA WIRTHS
PEARL WILSON
KATE WILLIAMS

Amazons—Basket Ball—Atalantas

+



Amazons

MISS SPIGENER	-	-	-	Umpire
ALMA CRABTREE	-	-	-	Captain
KATE WILLIAMS	-	-		Left forward
SUELLA BURNETT	-	-		Right forward
CARRIE LEE BINGHAM				Left forward center
QUEEN HONEYCUTT				Right forward center
ROBBIE MAE CASEY	-	-		Left back center
CONSTANCE HUNTLEY				Right back center
BEULAH LEE	-	-	-	Left guard
AIMEE McALPINE	-	-		Right guard
FANNIE WOMACK	-	-	-	Goal guard

Substitutes

HALLIE MORRIS
ELIZABETH SNODGRASS

Bell

Razzle, Dazzle,
Sis-boom-bah,
Amazons, Amazons,
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Color

Crimson

Atalantas

Bell

None can reach us, ha! ha! ha!
None can beat us, ya! ya! ya!
We're the best team of them all.
Atalantas! Atalantas!
Basket ball.

Color

Gold

MISS SPIGENER	-	-	-	Umpire
LILLIAN BACON	-	-	-	Captain
NAN DICKINSON	-	-		Left forward
BEULAH MAY	-	-		Right forward
LUTIE HUGHES	-	-		Left forward center
WILLIE McCORKLE	-			Right forward center
BROWNING BOBBITT	-	-		Left back center
JOE STIFF	-	-		Right back center
PEARL WILSON	-	-	-	Left guard
ELLA RATLIFF	-	-	-	Right guard
REBECCA MILLS	-	-	-	Goal guard

Substitutes

IRENE GREENWALD
CLARA CLARKE

School Life



School-life is a life, a period and age of its own. Those who live in that mystic age are beings of their own world. They know little and care less of the surrounding world around them, for they know that soon, yes, far too soon, they must be cast in this greater world and never again be permitted an entrance into the little world they have loved so dearly.

There they have been reared as delicate flowers; they have been allowed to dream, to frolic, to work or play at their own sweet will; they are as free as birds; they love their neighbor as themselves, the spirit of sweet forgiveness is always present; they drink deep of the well of knowledge; they dip far into the mysteries of the future, but alas, they see life as it should be, as they would have it be, and not as it is. After eight, nine, ten or eleven years, short and happy years of sojourn in this land their king gives this command: "Well done thou good and loyal subject, enter now into the world of action and battle." They go forth armed with the sword of truth, the armor of knowledge, the helmet of loyalty, to try their powers in this strange, vast land. How different they find things in this new world. Many giants are obstructing their pathway. They find themselves opposed on every hand; they begin to think themselves mere pigmies; their dreams vanish, one by one; they find that they "had slept and dreamed that life was beauty," but awake to the dread reality that "life is duty."

As we look back through the vistas of time we find that school-life, as everything else, has been undergoing a certain process of evolution—from life in the queer little school-house on the hill-side to having a home in our great colleges and universities of today and still on to—what shall we say? Can we say that school-life will be better than it is today? No, not better to us, but changed to accommodate the growing age.

Oh! that little school-house on the hill. Will its memory ever be effaced? There school-life was in its primitive stage. We school-boys and girls of today can hardly recall any of those joyous times; but how we revel in hearing an aged veteran of the old life tell us of those simple days. Truly they lived the "Simple Life" in schooldom.

No staid logical discussions must be put before them. No awe-inspiring philosophical problems caused them to doubt their very existence. And why should they dig into the bowels of the earth, and learn of its geological construction? No, these and a thousand other evils were not there to make their school-life night-mares and horrid day-dreams.

Their labor and their source of obtaining knowledge lay in the "old blue-back speller," "ciphering" and writing, with the Bible for "Ethics" and "Pilgrims' Progress" for "Moral Philosophy." Almost the goal of one's ambition was reached when, after many days of toil and struggling, they at last reached *baker*. When a little fellow was asked how far he was in his "speller," if *baker* had been reached, he answered with the pride of a monarch, "I'm to b-a-k-e-r."

We can picture now this one-roomed building with its desks of split logs, its windows of sheep-skin, its polished dirt floor, the "rickety" table with the school-master's rod and books. There sat the lads and lassies, small and great, from early morn until sundown, each one pursuing his own task, each one making a "hub-bub" peculiar unto his work—with the "speller," with his "figuring," or with gigantic stroke of slate and pencil. The school-master must needs speak with the highest tones of his voice to be heard over such a babel of sound. Sometimes, I have heard, even these fortunate boys and girls were naughty, and when apples were eaten during books, paper-wads thrown promiscuously over the room (the schoolmaster himself receiving no small part), when a gallant lad thoughtlessly imprinted a kiss on the cheek of the "fair lady" at his side,—it is said that when these and other small errors occurred the school-master, cruelly losing patience, resorted to some gentle reproofs, such as a slight pull of the ear, a few gentle strokes in the open hand, a half hour's stand on one foot, and other like modest chidings.

But the boy, the girl, of yesterday loved that little school-house on the hill-side. The school-master surveyed his kingdom with as much pride as we today feel in strolling through the stately halls of our universities and colleges. Yet the marvelous change—man has verily wrought miracles. We now see school-life in its prime and we, we ourselves, are the makers of the age. The accumulated knowledge of centuries is placed in our hands; the stateliest buildings of the land are our dwelling places; the most beautiful sites in America are not thought too good for our homes.

The whole world bows in homage to a school-boy or girl. Truly we are the rulers, the keepers of the age. We hold the fate of the future, the destiny of our nation; we constitute tomorrow's men and women. We should be glad that we are still permitted an entrance beyond college walls.

Yes, changes have come—with them work. School people today are not leading the "Simple Life," but have advanced a stage—are now living a most "Strenuous Life."

We must not be permitted to see the apple falling toward the earth instead of upward toward heaven, and accept as a fact that it falls as it does merely for our pleasure and benefit; but we must learn that but for a peculiar law of nature they might have flown upwards and have been lost to us forever. Yes, we must dig and delve and solve that wonderful "Law of Gravitation." We are not allowed to view

the beautiful flowers around us and enjoy them for mere beauty's sake. No, we are told to tear up our beauties to see how they may be constructed. We must not content ourselves with holding the wondrous beauties of nature for their own sake and happily think each rock, each cataract, each great gulf and bay, the broad rivers and mighty mountains were always as they are today, and that the world since time immemorial has been as beautiful as it is for us. No, we are told that once our beautiful America was a mass of ice, once even buried beneath a sea of water. Perhaps we should be glad to know all these things, but it is just having our theories shattered, you see.

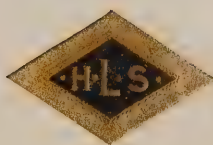
Worse than all, we can't even believe that man has been, since the world began, made upright after God's own image; we can't believe that beautiful woman has been an ornament and blessing to the world through all ages; we can't believe the golden head, the blue eyes, the queenly, graceful form,—we can't believe that these have always been her inheritance, but some one must arise and shatter our delusions by telling us that she was once a monkey—a horrid monkey. Thank heaven! we are not *compelled to believe this*.

Do you wonder that our life is strenuous?

Yet, with all these tribulations, what boy, what girl does not on her class-day think with a sorrowful heart that she is leaving forever the walls beneath which she has wrought a goodly portion of her life, where often she fell into the "slough of despair," but each time rose victoriously; when she knows that she is leaving the friends who have known her as she really is, and yet can say, "with all your faults I love thee still"; leaving teachers who have been loving, kind and patient, who have borne with her when she chanced to fall into error's den. She is leaving behind the worn and tattered books that have made her strong because she struggled and strove with them, because they tried to conquer her, but now, on this, her Class-day, she can look back to each of them and proudly say, "You did your best to conquer me, but I am victor. You remain as you are, but I am stronger after my wrestle with you." She remembers the comradeship of fellow-students, their happy days together. When she thinks of these things and knows they are gone for her forever, does she not step down from the sacred portals of her *Alma Mater* with tear-dimmed eyes and a sad heart, and yet, with it all, behind it all and beneath it all, she steps forth with a proud heart, a determined spirit and a vow to cast honor upon the home she is leaving, in this new world she is entering, proud with the consciousness of duty done.

Let us **not attempt** to picture the school-life of tomorrow. How can one of today do it justice? How can we, seeing everything in our own, grant better to them? Let us rather bequeath to our successors our joys, our pleasant sorrows, our victories and our homes, and wish for them whatever else they may obtain.

A. R.



Harrisonian Literary Society

■

Motto

Spectemur agendo

Colors

Red and White

Flower

Red Carnation

Officers

First Term

ALMA CRABTREE	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
BESSIE STONER	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
BANIE JOHNSTON	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
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The Poets of the South



The South has failed to gain its due recognition in the literary world, not because it has had no poets worthy of recognition, but because its poets wrote just before, during and after the Civil War, a period in which the South stood, in a way, apart from the rest of the world, in an isolation born of its pride and the bitterness of its poverty. Furthermore, this is truly an age of prose, with its newfound prosperity. However, there has arisen in the South a new interest in literature. Men, long dead, are coming into their heritage of literary fame. We find many beautiful gems among the writings of the minor poets, but it is to Poe, Hayne, Timrod, Lanier and Ryan that our hearts turn in love and praise, for they are names of which not only the South but the entire world may well be proud.

Poe's place in our literature is one of peculiar isolation. Of Northern birth, but of Southern ancestry, he belongs by common consent to the writers of the South, and yet his works have no distinctively Southern back ground. Throughout his life and even more especially in his writings, his passionate love of the beautiful was a great over-ruling force. To him might well be applied those words of Tennyson, "A soul that did love beauty—beauty seen in all varieties of mind and mould, and knowledge for its beauty; or if good, good only for its beauty, seeing not that beauty, good, and knowledge are three sisters, living together under the same roof, friends to man and never can be sundered without tears."

Faulty as was Poe's life in its dissipations and excesses, there is one thing which appeals even to his severest critics: his pathetically intense love for his invalid wife.

During her lifetime she was his tenderest care, and after her death he was left broken-hearted, hopeless and despondent. On Oct. 7, 1849, the long tragedy of his life ended in his pitiful death. Sidney Lanier has said, "Poe did not know enough to write." This is true and yet not true. He knew enough to write beautifully, even wonderfully at times, but he did not know enough to write as it would have been possible for him to write had not his soul in its "rose-mesh of flesh," as Browning puts it, ever been pulled to earth. Notwithstanding all this he has achieved a reputation such as no other Southern writer has gained. The majority of his poems defy analysis. They are vague and unsubstantial, but beautifully melodious, charming, haunting the ear like a weird strain of music.

In reviewing his life there come to us with almost a prophetic ring these lines of his:

"Out—out are the lights—out all,
 And over each quivering form
 The curtain, a funeral pall
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,
 And the angels all pallid and wan,
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm
 That the play is the tragedy 'Man'
 And its hero the Conqueror 'Worm.' "

There is in the lives of Timrod, Lanier and Hayne a striking degree of similarity. Sharing the common misfortunes of the war and the victims alike of poverty and disease, yet with mind and soul given to things high and beautiful, they were in the truest sense of the word "sons of the old South." Timrod, a Charlestonian of the bluest blood, inherited from his father his more delicate feelings—his love of nature and all things beautiful. There is a marked contrast between the ideals of Timrod and those of Poe, for to Poe's love of beauty and beauty only Timrod added a love of the true and the good, and the larger soul-development so shows itself in his poetry as to go far towards counterbalancing Poe's greater genius. To Timrod poetry was more than a graceful harmony of sounds, and beneath his beautiful imagery, his simplicity and sweetness of expression, lie treasures of noble thoughts. We find his creed in the "Lily Confidante."

"Love's the lover's only magic;
 Truth, the very sweetest art."

While Timrod's work was chiefly characterized by its almost womanly sweetness, his nature was not lacking in virility and power. In his martial songs he voiced the feelings of the South better than any other poet, and through them his soul fought for the cause he loved when his enfeebled body could no longer do so. While his life was full of sorrow, the sorrow of bodily pain and bitter poverty, yet it overflowed with the joy that springs from the love of every-day sights and sounds and happiness in life. Truly has he sung,

"The brightest stars are nearest to the earth
 And we may track the mighty sun above
 Even by the shadow of a slender flower.
 Always O bard! humility is power,
 And thou mayest draw from matters of the hearth,
 Truths wide as nations, and as deep as love."

Paul Hamilton Hayne was also a Charlestonian, and like Timrod, the product of generations of culture; also like him in the sweetness and refinement of his nature,

in his love of the home, and every-day happenings, and his ability to see in the small a reflection of the great. Like him further in that when his enfeebled body could no longer fight for his loved Southland his soul poured forth itself in songs which breathe a lofty patriotic spirit. Recognizing the chivalry and heroism of Southern men and women he cried out,

“Ah! foolish souls and false who loudly cried,
‘True chivalry no longer breathes in time’
Look round us now; how wondrous! how sublime!
The heroic lives we witness now; far and wide
Stern vows by sterner deeds are justified.”

His love for Timrod was beautifully unselfish, and one of his most exquisite poems, “Under the Pine,” is commemorative of Timrod’s last visit to his home. Hayne was, like Poe, a contributor to the leading periodicals of his day and a severe critic of current literature, a severity born not of bitterness, but of high, lofty ideals. The sorrows of his life he met uncomplainingly and truly lived the poetry he sang,

“Still smiles the brave soul undivorced from hope.”

Sidney Lanier is known in a threefold capacity—teacher, musician and poet. From beginning to end his life was a tragedy, though here and there a fleeting ray lightened its darkness. A biographer has truly said: “The courage with which he met disease and poverty imparts to his life an inspiring grandeur.” To the brilliancy of his natural intellect he added by unceasing study a fund of knowledge which made him a poet in a higher sense probably than any other in America. He has been likened by some to Browning, though with a softer and less rugged feeling. Lanier’s love for music was the one great passion of his life, sweetening his soul and elevating it to a height from which he could better comprehend God in all his love, wisdom and greatness. His poetry has a rhythm about it such as only a poet whose soul was filled with music could have produced, yet in no instance does he sacrifice the thought for the poem. To Lanier everything in nature was a medium between him and God. To him trees and plants were not inanimate objects, but interpreters of the divine laws.

Lanier was devoted to his wife. She was his ideal of perfect womanhood. Like Timrod he paid many of the highest compliments to the Southern woman, “lily-browed and lily hearted.”

No one could have written more fitly of Sidney Lanier’s life than he did in a description of a poet:

“His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hands.”

The poems of Abram J. Ryan, better known as "Father Ryan," are characterized by their modesty and simplicity. They were mostly written at random—here and there—off and on—just as the words came on. Early in life he chose the priesthood as his vocation. This meant the severing of home ties and of ties even stronger than these. Ryan's religious training exerted a great influence over his poetry. His studies drew him away from nature so that his poems are for the most part very personal.

So intense was his love for his country that he entered the Confederate army as chaplain, often serving in the ranks. His martial songs have brought comfort to the hearts of thousands of discouraged Southerners.

In spite of his defects, the ruggedness, extreme simplicity and sadness of the majority of his poems, he is probably today the most popular of the Southern poets.

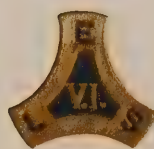
The influence he exerts throughout his poems is being felt throughout the Southland as he stands,

"Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong."

In reviewing the lives of our Southern poets we are saddened by the thought that the three most gifted ones—Poe, Timrod, and Lanier—died, not when their work was nearing completion, but when it was budding into maturity. There is something exceedingly pathetic about the life of each one. The struggle against poverty and disease was shared by all, so that their works have never and possibly will never realize their full fruitage. However, with each succeeding year the world is coming into a fuller realization of the true worth of these gifted, sweet-voiced singers of the South.

C. A. G.





Coline Literary Society

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Motto

Dux Femina Facti

Colors

Green and Gold

Flower

Mareschal Neil Rose

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Influence of Woman Known and Unknown

From time immemorial woman has occupied a position more or less influential. Some great women have labored in the world and left their names written on the heart of the age in which they lived. Others have labored, exerting influences not so marked, but which nevertheless have extended into parts unknown and worked as undercurrents in the moving tide of civilization. Such women, we find, have influenced religion, society, politics, history and literature.

In the Pagan, as well as in the Christian religion, woman has exerted an influence. When we look back upon the account of the life of Cleopatra we shudder to think of the influence which she exerted upon the women of her kingdom before Christianity elevated them. The influence of Cleopatra was indeed perceptible on the godless yet brilliant age in which she reigned. Her immorality and life of ease and splendor were typical of the Pagan woman. This influence blotted out what is truest and noblest in woman.

How greatly does this contrast with the influence of the humble Christian woman!

As far back as the days of the prophets we read of noble women who left the stamp of their lives on the times in which they lived. Among these were Deborah, Ruth, Lois, Eunice and Hannah, the mother of the boy Samuel. Little did this consecrated mother dream of the lasting influence she was exerting while training her son who was afterwards one of the greatest judges of Israel.

The story of Judith is a true portraiture of the courage of woman in an age when she was not very highly respected. It is not to be wondered that Christians still cling to the book of Judith for its inspiration, courage and rare qualities that are always summoned out of heroic women. In our own age are women equally courageous who go to foreign fields to labor for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. Margaret E. Langster and Francis E. Willard, two of our beloved American women, have exerted influences unbounded through their writings by inspiring thousands to the noble life.

In the sphere of politics, into which woman has penetrated, we recognize Madame de Maintenon as one of the women that have exerted a powerful influence on the political destinies of a nation. As the almost equal match of her great husband, Louis XII, in diplomatic matters she ruled the whole court, priests and nobles, lowly and high. She exerted a vast influence in favor of morality and learning and was the patron of many distinguished men who rendered important services to France.

Let us now notice the influence of woman in the realm of literature. Among its most noted representatives are Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, Frances Willard and Madame de Stael.

Mrs. Browning's poems, overflowing with pity and pure affection, are some of our most treasured bits of literature.

George Eliot, in her portrayal of character and thru her great power of storytelling, has given us a clear insight into the ethical problems of the English people of her day.

Frances E. Willard, one of God's truest hand-maidens of later times, is perhaps one of the most beloved women of the world. Her life will ever be the brightest beacon to guide her followers in the great work she began.

Madame de Stael was the greatest woman of genius of her age. She was one of the first who proved that women could do something more than merely write letters. She stands preeminent, not only over all literary women, but also over most of the men of letters of her country. Madame de Stael died young, but she exerted an influence and accomplished much; if she had lived longer she undoubtedly would have been the greatest writer among women that ever lived. Historically, she is memorable for inaugurating a new period in history, for with her began a new class of writers whose genius was no longer confined to memoirs and sensational novels for expression.

Woman's influence in the sphere of history is very forcibly felt. Again we think of Cleopatra's horrible influence over Roman rulers, but let us pass on to a better one—that exerted by the mother of Gracchi. "Why my sons, must I ever be called the daughter of Scipio, rather than the mother of Gracchi?" Such were the ambitious taunts with which Cornelia urged her sons on to two Rebellions. Her example was imitated by millions of Roman mothers, and from her sprang the force which spread Roman legions over the world. Turning from the Romans to the French, the name of Joan of Arc looms up on the pages of France's history. The deeds of this humble peasant girl changed the tide of affairs in two nations, while she endured a martyrdom which is recognized as saintly. Thru the influence of Spain's kindest queen, Isabella, a new continent was opened to civilization and the greatest nation of the world was founded.

Charlotte Corday Young, devout, beautiful and lion-hearted, took the life of one of the tyrants of the French Revolution, and exerted a marvelous influence over the men of the time. Marie Antionette also appears in this period as the most central figure of the Revolution and was the cause of much bloodshed.

The late Queen Victoria did more for the betterment of the English nation than any sovereign before her. Hers is a most fitting example of an unbounded influence.

While observing the world's greatest women let us not forget to place the women of our own country high on the roll of fame. Martha, the wife of our first president, as the mother of our nation extended an influence which has spread over all of this United States of ours.

History is not complete without woman; her influence is felt in every country and generation.

The wonderful influence of woman is next brought out in society. There are certain women whose lives and actions have set a precedent to society. One very striking precedent was established in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This queen influenced the life and customs of her people and brought about a great change in society.

The most celebrated of all the queens of society was Madame de Recamier, the friend and contemporary of Madame de Stael. This brilliant woman drew around her all the wealthy and learned of the French court. Her fascination, beauty, and attractions made her a leader of high society. Her influence was exerted over all who knew her. She ameliorated woman's place in society and gave her one of the highest places in it.

Florence Nightingale, the soldier's queen among women, had quite a different influence on society. She instituted those charitable organizations which have purely artistic aims for the betterment of the stricken ones of nations. The name of Florence Nightingale will ever be held sacred by society for the great good that she unselfishly brought about in her life.

What more can we say of the countless women of all ages and nations? Think of the influence exerted by untold thousands of women whose lives were never known outside of their own homes, but the influence they exerted within their little worlds of songs and sighs will be felt thru ages to come. Further and further into realms unknown we might trace the influence of woman, exclaiming with Milton:

"O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd—
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!"

M. H.



Alumnæ Notes

Ella Jones, '89, who was the first graduate of V. I., and also a graduate of Vassar, after spending the summer and early fall abroad, is now at her work in the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Nannie Winston Wood, '92, has grown tired of country life and moved from her old home in North Carolina to Knoxville, Tenn.

Mrs. Josephine Weston Corbett, '92, is still at the Baptist Orphanage in Salem, where her husband is the Superintendent.

Mrs. Carrie St. John Curtin, '92, who is now a widow, continues to make Bristol her home.

Miss Lizzie Price, '92, is teaching at Jefferson, N. J.

Mrs. Mamie St. John Taylor, '93, is now living in Nashville, but will go to Washington next fall as the wife of Senator Taylor.

Mrs. Kitty St. John Bachman, '95, is still living in Bristol.

Mrs. Alice St. John Dulaney, '95, has made Washington her home for several years. Her friends are expecting her back in time for the Alumnæ meeting this year.

Mrs. Georgia Hall Park, '95, who spent the past winter in Spain, has returned and is visiting her parents in Greenville, Tenn.

Miss Peggie Handy, an elocution graduate of the class of '99, is now traveling abroad.

Mrs. Olive Dungan Lipscomb, '99, is living on Hill street, Bristol, Tenn.

Mrs. Flora Pendleton Copenhaver, '99, is living at Chilhowie.

Miss Pauline Bachman, '00, spent the last year in Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., studying vocal and instrumental music. She received a diploma in her post graduate work in vocal.

Miss Bertha Hall, '00, is still living in Greenville, Tenn.

Miss Emily Maria Winifred Doughty, '00, was married January 3, 1907, to Mr. Walter E. King, at Greenville, Tenn. They are making Cincinnati their home.

Miss Maud Dungan, '02, is teaching in Bristol, Va.

Mrs. Stella Dickey Connelly, '04, is at home to her old school friends on Spruce street. Since her marriage Mrs. Connelly has lived in Kentucky, Texas and Alabama, and has found that no climate is so good as that of Bristol.

Miss Gena Dickey, '04, after spending some time at Vassar, is teaching at Newport News, Va.

Miss Jessie Mae Stokely, '04, is one graduate who thinks V. I. is the best place in the world, and is still employed there as the teacher of History.

Miss Ora Bellamy, '04, is teaching in the Public School of Abingdon, Va. She made her *Alma Mater* a most delightful visit during the winter.

Miss Gates Moffat, '05, taught the Salem, Va., High School during the past winter.

Miss Clara Norvell, '06, taught the past winter in Hamilton Institute and the Public School of Bristol, Tenn.

Miss Anna Mahoney, '06, is another alumna who is serving her *Alma Mater* as an instructor of Latin and Mathematics.

Miss Minnie Trench, '06, is attending school in Washington.

Miss Hattie Stokely, '06, is teaching in Jellico, Tenn.

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Y. W. C. A.

✻

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit,
saith the Lord of hosts.

Zech. 4:6.



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Motto

Meet me on the warpath

Colors

Navy Blue and White

Flower

Virginia Creeper

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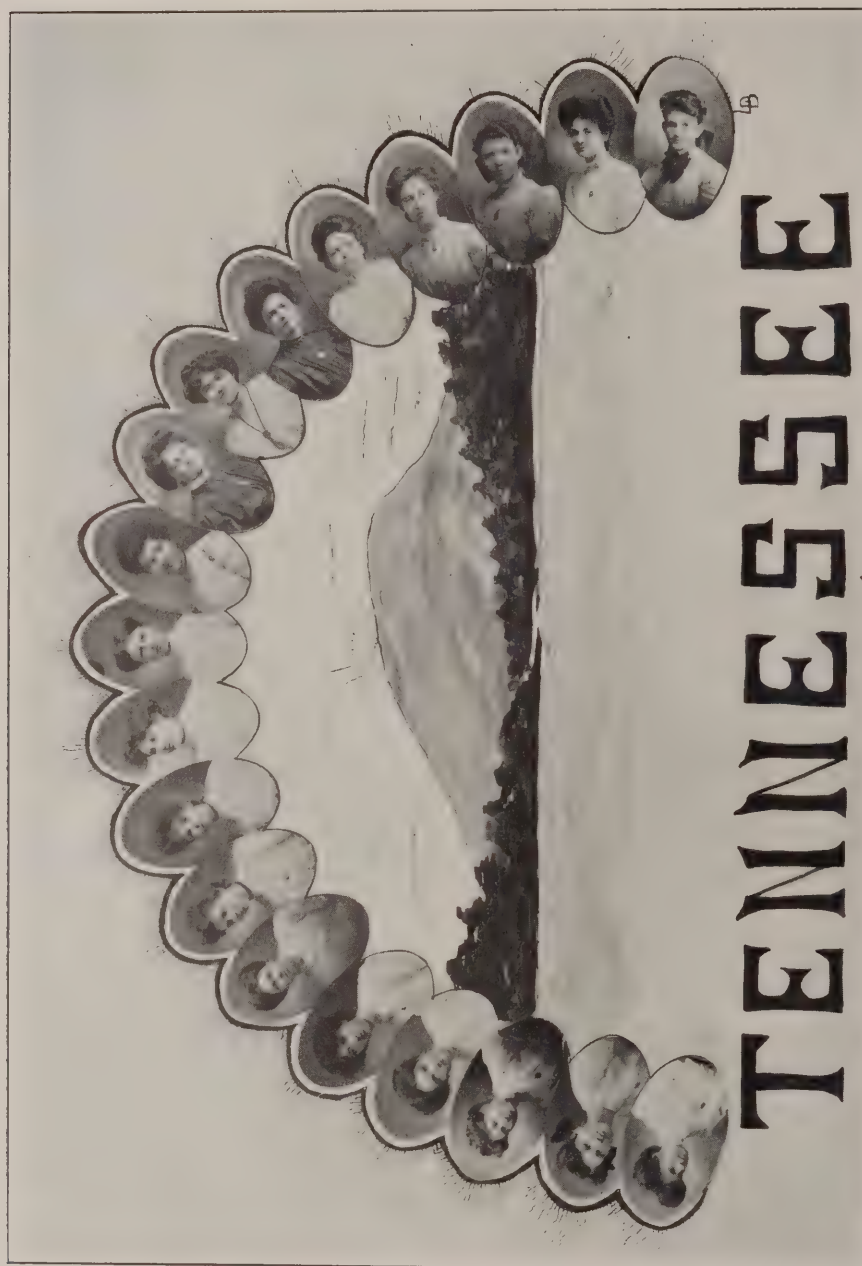
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Tennessee Club



Motto

Simplicity, Sincerity and Success

Colors

Orange and Gold

Flower

Tulip

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Club of Mississippi



Motto

Nostrae Civitatis Fama Semper Vivat

Colors

Green and White

Flower

Magnolia

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Tar Heel Club



Colors

Yellow and White

Flower

Daisy

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BESSIE STONER	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
PORTIA HUNTLEY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
BESSIE TURNER	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
CONSTANCE HUNTLEY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Controller of Finance</i>
LUCY VANCE	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Asst. Controller of Finance</i>
QUEEN HONEYCUTT	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
VIRGIE TURNER	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Asst. Corresponding Secretary</i>

Song

"The Old North State"

New York State



Colors—Maroon and Gold

Flower—American Beauty Rose

Member

MABEL WAUGH

I am it as sure as fate,
For I'm the girl from the Empire State.

Favorite Expression—"I've gotto go, but don't wanta"







Motto

Inter Nos

Colors

Scarlet and Gray

Flower

Lily of the Valley

Members

GERTRUDE E. JONES

EMMA O. WIRTHS



The "Buckeye State"

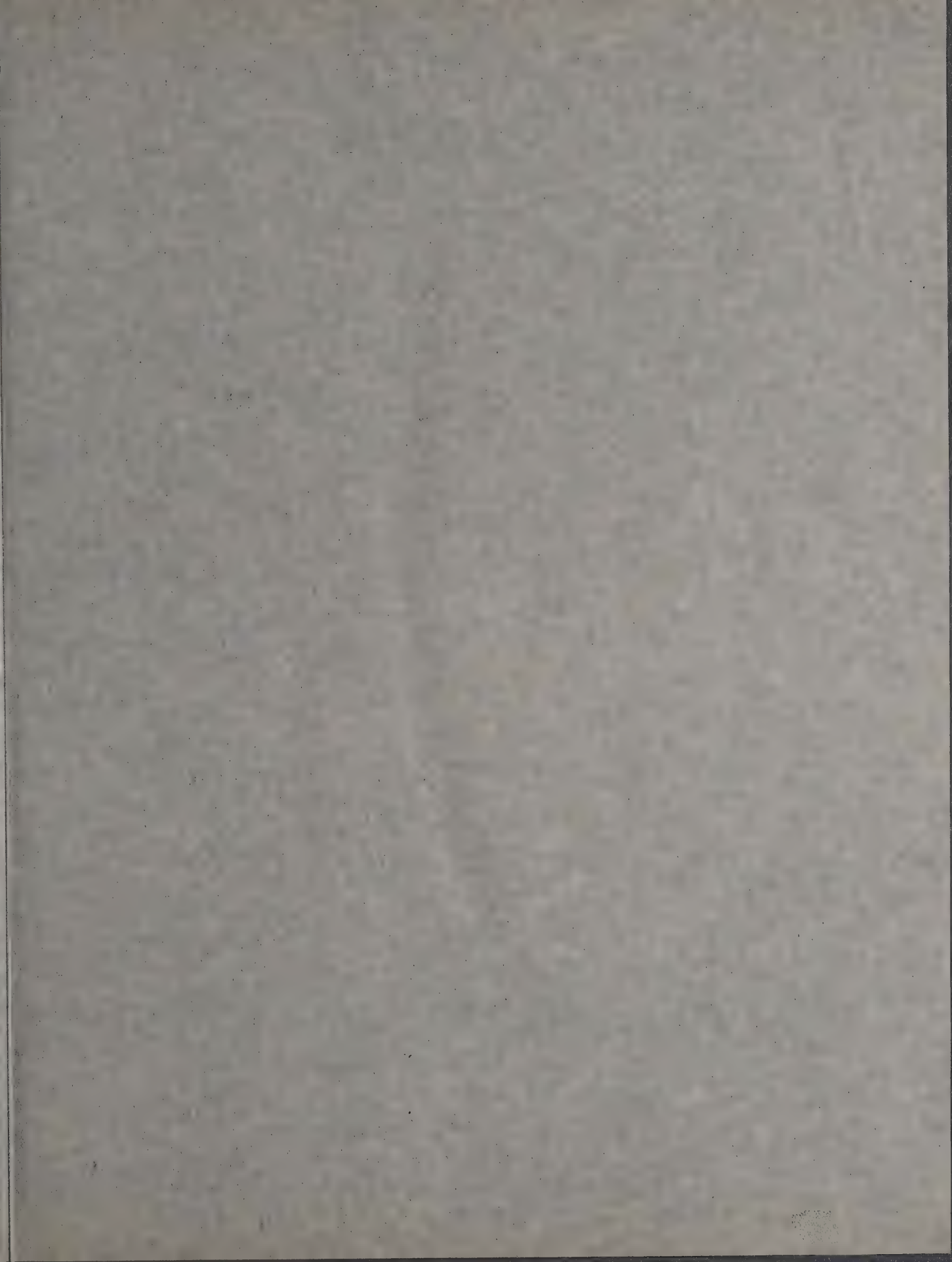
Great men come and great men go,
Great men, whom the world doth know,
But the greatest men among the great,
Are men from the "Buckeye State."

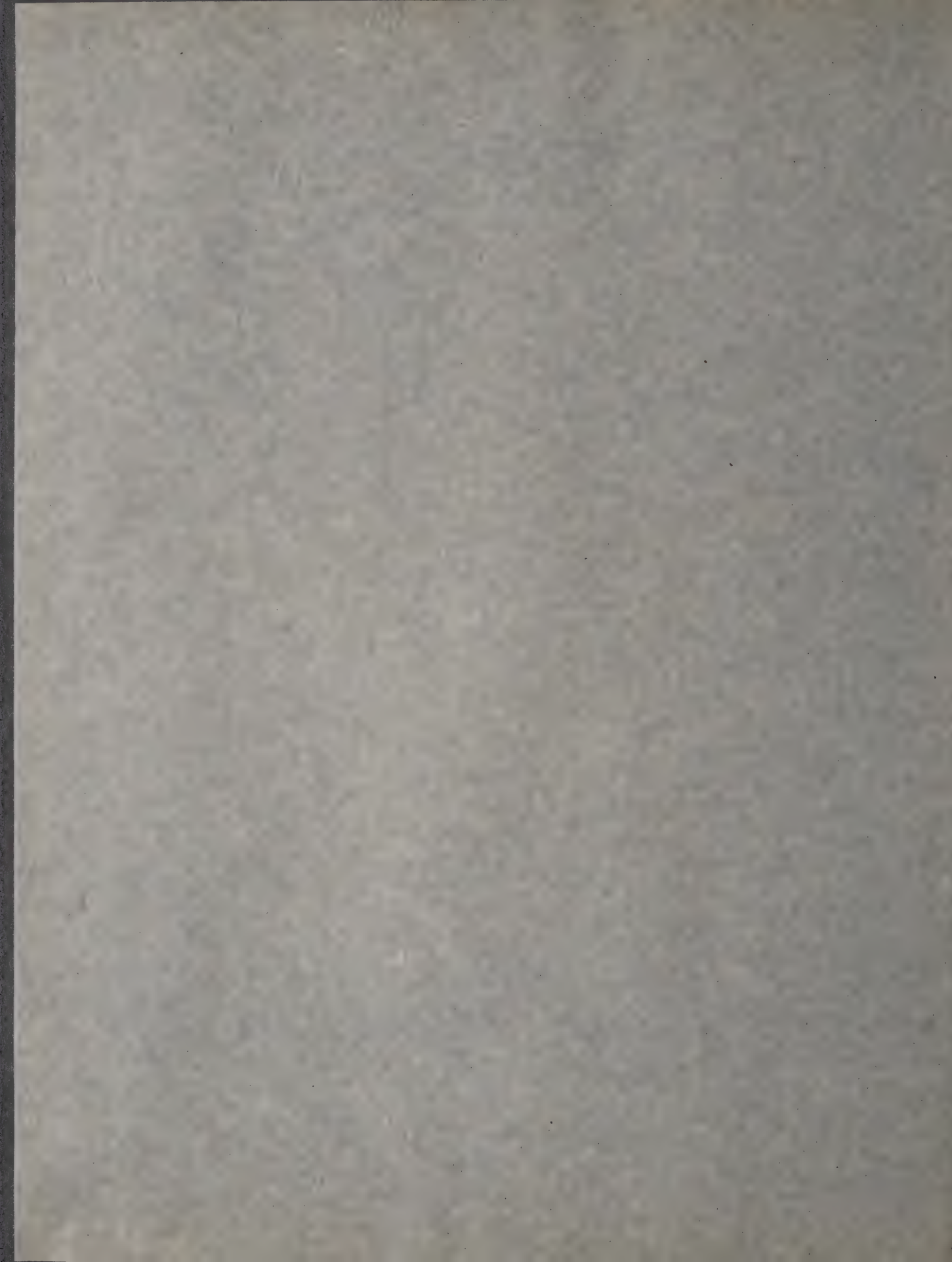
There is where the fruit doth grow,
There is where the seed they sow,
There is where the harvest's great,
In the good old "Buckeye State."

Statesmen, heroes, soldiers true,
In this large world they are few;
But when our country's life's at stake,
They spring like flowers from "Buckeye State"

We soar high above the rest,
Just because we are the best;
The reason is, I shall relate,
We were born in "Buckeye State."







Western Girls

■

Motto

"It's up to us"—(It's up to us)

Round-up

ANNE KENNEDY JJ	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
ZIRLETA MATTHEWS LX	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
JOE STIFF S	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>

FRANKIE MIMS T—
WILLIE MAE MELLARD T]—

Emblem

Texas Plume

Hell

Twink-a-little, twink-a-little
Star, star, star;
How I wonder, wonder what you
Are, rah, rah!
Far above the rest so high,
Moo-oo! Wait!
We know, we know,
Lone Star State.

God-mother

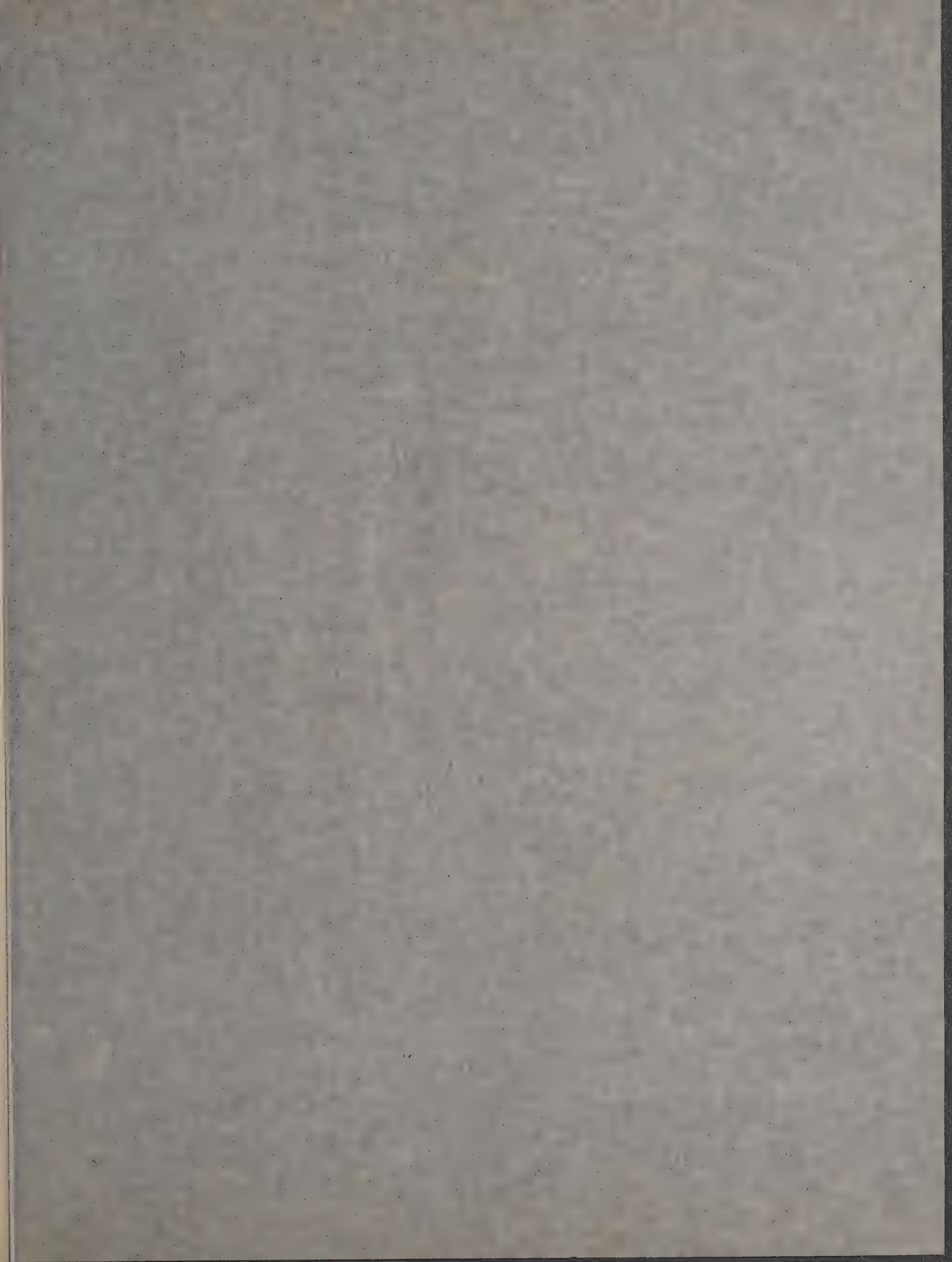
Mrs. L. W. Fowler

The State.



AS THEY THINK

The United States is the finest country
in the world;
South Carolina is the finest state in
the United States;
Miss Spigener and Vivian are the finest
people in South Carolina;
Therefore: _____



Social Organizations



ALL FOR FUN CLUB

All For Fun Club



A is for ANN, in art the class pride,
And who, it is certain, will be the first bride.

B begins the name of our own slender BESS,
What is her ambition—can't you guess?

C is for CONSTANCE, such a dear little chap,
And as for the boys she dosen't care a snap.

E is for the name of the bright ETHEL MAY,
Who in spirit is like to a bright summer day.

F is for FRANKIE, sometimes called "Miss Mimmie,"
She'll be the old maid of the ten if there's any.

K is for KATHRYN, a winsome merry maid,
And an actress will be if sufficiently paid.

L is for LUCY, the tiniest of the lot,
And for her modesty we forget her not.

M is for MABEL, with the excellent voice,
When she is prima-donna, we shall all rejoice.

P is for PORTIA, the heroine of our story,
For her brave deeds she will surely win glory.

V is for VIRGIE from North Carolina,
You bet there is no other girl that's any finer.

Z is for ZIRLETA, a maid with blue eyes,
She is famed for he knowledge and witty replies.

Emblem

For-get-me-not

Motto

Play while we play

Officers

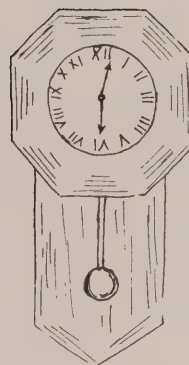
ANNE KENNEDY	-	-	-	-	<i>Ring-leader</i>
ZIRLETA MATTHEWS	-	-	-	-	<i>Bill Poster</i>
ETHEL MAY	-	-	-	-	<i>Advance Agent</i>

Bell

Rip rat! Zip, rot,
We are the jolliest of the lot,
Rollicky, Frolicky,
Pun, Stuns
Ten Bachelor Maids—
"All For Fun"!!



D F A



Chief Aim

Eat, drink and be merry

Motto

Laugh and grow fat

Flower

Sonflower

Bell

Ha, ha, ha; ho, ho, ho,
Giggle, giggle, giggle, giggle,
Here we go!
Siz boom, siz boom,
Ha, ha, ha,
Snicker, snacker, snicker, snacker,
Rah, rah, rah!



Gertrude Clark



1. The first part of the report is a general introduction to the subject of the study.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the methods used in the study.

3. The third part of the report is a discussion of the results of the study and their implications.

4. The fourth part of the report is a conclusion.

5. The fifth part of the report is a list of references.

“Big 4”



Guardian Angel

Miss Newman

Motto

Have fun but keep a sharp eye

Occupation

Laughing—at nothing

Chief Looting Place

Soup's room

Colors

Green and White

Flower

Clover Blossom

Song

Waltz me around again, Willie

Members' Nick-names

SUELLA BURNETT	-	-	-	-	-	“Soup”
FANNIE WOMACK	-	-	-	-	-	“Fan”
LIDIE COURTS	-	-	-	-	-	“Lid”
BEULAH LEE	-	-	-	-	-	“Beul”

Hell

Hipity hus, hipity hus,
What on earth's the matter with us;
Nothing at all, nothing at all,
We're the Big 4 that leads them all.



Motto

Be first, or not at all

Colors

Garnet and Black

Flower

Daisy

Hell

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka,
 Boom, boom, boom;
 Ching-a-lacka, ching-a-lacka,
 Ching, ching, ching;
 Boom-a-lacka, ching-a-lacka,
 Sis, boom, bar;
 Q. E. D.—Q. E. D.
 Rah, rah, rah.



Colors

Lavender and White

Flower

Hyacinth

Members

GRACE BAYLOR	BROWNING BOBBITT
BEULAH MAY	WANDA POWERS
JANIE FENNESSEE	HAZEL COURTS
JOE STIFF	EFFIE CROUCH
WILLIE MAY McCORKLE	

Motto—Stick together

Chief Occupation—Thinking

Club Saying—I'm a lady

Song—Gee! but aint this a lonesome town



Motto

Laugh and the world laughs with you

Colors

Pink and Green

Flower

Sweet Peas

Officers

LOUISE WRIGHT - - *Chief Fighter*
 EMMA WIRTHS - - - - *Tattle-tale*
 OLIVE BOBBITT - - *Chief Hair Puller*
 PAULINE CROUCH - *Chief Quarreller*

Sayings

LOUISE WRIGHT - "For cat's sake"
 PAULINE CROUCH - - "Oh! My!"
 EMMA WIRTHS - "Kiss your baby"
 OLIVE BOBBITT - - "Cut it out"

Hell

Razzle dazzle! Razzle dazzle!

Sis boom bah—

T. H. T's., T. H. T's.,

Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Seniors

Name	Nickname	Favorite Resort	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Expression	Highest Ambition	Favorite Song	Future Destiny
Miss MYRTLE ROBINSON . . .	"Myrtle"	King Printing Co.	Talking Pennant	"Let me see"	To get married (?)	"There'll be no dark valley"	Lonely spinster
Miss CLARA GAINES	"Jigger"	Laboratory	Killing rats (?)	"Dearie me"	To get her debate written	"He was a prince with golden hair"	The pastor's help
Miss SUELLA BURNETT	"Soup"	State street	Singing rags	"Oh, foot"	To sing like "Patti"	"A soldier's gift to his country dear"	Salvation Army singer
Miss ANNIE AARON	"Annie"	Lawyer's offices	Debating	My! My!	To get her "Dip"	"Could you be true to eyes of blue"	Champion debater
Miss PEGGY SHUGART	"Peg"	Dining room	Washing dishes	"Dead in earnest"	To be a good cook	"I've something sweet to tell you"	An earnest woman
Miss VIRGINIA DUNCAN . . .	"Virgie"	Down town	Finding unknowns	"You dummy"	To go abroad	"Moon dear"	Doing society
Miss BESSIE STONER	"Bess"	Practice room	Doing "Trig."	"Well, my dear"	To weigh 250 (?)	"Her rose"	Papa's housekeeper (?)
Miss LALA MOORE	"Nig"	Wood Lawn S. S.	Studying	"Save the pieces"	To be an old maid	"Not because his hair is curly"	A happy matron
Miss KATE WILLIAMS	"Kitty"	Library	Flirting	"Oh, horrors!"	To be dignified	"My sweetheart's the man in the moon"	A minister's comfort
Miss OLLIE GRIFFIN	"Polly"	Skating rink	Dreaming	Whew!!!	To master Ethics	"Please go 'way and let me sleep"	New York operatic star
Miss ROBBIE MAE CASEY . .	"Rob"	In Mary's room	Doing nothing	"Gee, but its glory"	To get out of "Exams."	"Alexandre!"	Inmate of a hospital for wrecked nerves

A Foolish Story by a Foolish Girl

2

Once upon a time a long time ago last week I was requested to write a prosaic story, So as the time is auspicious and the spirit inclines me toward my unquestionable (?) talent for story-writing, (and by the way I can tell 'em faster than I can write 'em), I will now proceed to write a story the like of which has never been written before and is probably not likely to be written again.

You said we could write on anything we wanted to so I wrote mine sittin' on the table. I think it is very interesting and I'm sure you'll all agree, It is the very best thing you ever did see.

I don't see any use in studying paragraphing unless you can put it into use, and if I just write about one solitary thing I'll have to crowd it all into one paragraph!

I'd rather like to use some big words but I might have to make a judicious elimination of the superfluous phraseology so rather than to have to cut 'em out I won't put 'em in.

First I'll give you a few points on grammar. I was always powerful fond of grammar—liked it out of my sight though. I used to be mighty good in it when I was young—I always stood next to head, there being only two in the class—just Josiah Hezekiah Ezekiel Sliren's sister Jerusha Almira Palmira and me and myself.

I was mighty purty when I was young—pretty as a rose—"peart and blackeyed and slim," but as you see I've faded. But to resume and continue on with my grammar. For instance in the sentence: "Mary milks the cow." Cow is a pronoun. Why? Because she stands for Mary. In the sentence "Yucatan is a peninsula. Yucatan is a verb and conjugated just so—Icatan, youcatan hecatan wecatan youcatan theycatand—"I'll tell you the rest presently—if not before.

I thought it would be so nice to come in here today and read stories, and I thought I'd just copy one, but I hunted high and low, and low and high near and far and far and near, day and night and night and day, one whole evening but alas! twas all in vain. No story did I find—and so I've changed my mind.

I will now tell you about the most heart-rending catastrophe ever witnessed by humanity which I came very near seeing as I went home day before yesterday, last week about a month ago.

A child walking along the railroad and a train coming at a lightning-double quick speed. He looked back and saw the train and started down the track—as fast if not

faster than he could go. Just as the train came up a man grabbed him and sez, sez he: "You little fool you—why didn't you get off the track?" "Hum, if I couldn't outrun the thing down this hill I wouldn't have been apt to out run it up that bank!"

I had a dreadful fall last night being unconscious eight hours. I fell asleep writing this story. I'm sure I'll get the medal if Miss Newman decides to give us one. Papa always said if I didn't get a medal, it wouldn't be because I didn't deserve it, for I was the meddlesomest thing ever he saw.

L. S.



The Disappointment

2

[Virginia Institute—Student's Room. Pennants and pictures on wall. Books everywhere in evidence. Portia Huntley, the girl with a languid air, walks into the room, carrying quite a number of books.]

SCENE I.

PORTIA: "Thank goodness! No more work today. (Sits down on floor). Yet, I guess I must write to Frank." (She immediately begins a search for her stationery. A timid knock is heard, and Virgie Turner, a tall, dark-haired girl, comes in).

PORTIA: "I thought you had decided not to come in this room any more. That's a mighty cute belt you have on. Where did you get it?"

VIRGIE: "It belongs to the room next to mine. Let me see—Eugenia Stokes, I believe."

PORTIA: "How nice of her to lend—when I thought she was stuck up."

VIRGIE: "But that's not what I came in here to talk about. Aunt Ella called on Bessie and me!"

PORTIA: "Virgie, you talk in such conundrums. How do you suppose I know who your Aunt Ella is?"

VIRGIE: "As I was telling you—oh! she's papa's sister—she didn't have long to stay with us, but she sure told us some dandy news."

PORTIA (all excited): "Do tell, quick. I'm so anxious to know all. Not to be inquisitive, you know, dear, but I have a little curiosity still."

VIRGIE: "Dr. Wilkes was the chief topic."

PORTIA: "Dr. Wilkes! Who's that?"

VIRGIE: "Why, Dr. Wilkes is to take Mr. Converse's place, as he is to be married soon. Do you understand?"

PORTIA: "Yes, I believe so."

VIRGIE: "Aunt Ella said she hoped we would all be pleased with our new teacher. I asked her if Dr. Wilkes was good-looking? and she answered, 'you bet; I'm in love with him already,' she says. But it is not so, for she is engaged to Will Orr."

PORTIA (embracing Virgie): "You dear girl; never was I so happy in my life. What else did your aunt say?"

VIRGIE: "She had to leave then, but she promised to send one of Dr. Wilkes' pictures to me."

PORTIA: "You are all right, Virgie. Here's to Miss Ella Turner's health."
(Forthwith she takes up a bottle of Turpentine; but Virgie comes to her rescue before she empties it.)

SCENE II.

(Around Mrs. Fowler's door, waiting for the mail, Portia and Virgie walk arm in arm up and down the corridor.)

VIRGIE: "Tomorrow *he's* coming."

PORTIA: "My thoughts exactly. Girls (addressing a few standing aloof), have you heard any of the teachers talking about *him*?"

FANNIE WOMACK: "Not I; except Dr. Henderson. He said 'a person of more attractive personality will be hard to find.' Then, too, he added, 'such an original and entertaining conversationalist.'"

ALL: "Dr. Henderson is all to the good."

PORTIA: "There she is. Come, girls, Mrs. Fowler is going to distribute the mail."

VIRGIE: "Don't go; Connie will bring our mail to us."

EUGENIA STOKES: "Your name was called, Virgie." (Connie comes in and gives Virgie the package marked "photo"; then distributes the others.)

PORTIA: "What lovely curly hair" (peeping over Virgie's shoulder to get a view of the picture).

VIRGIE: "Hair! Just look at those eyes—are they not just glorious—look like a girl's. Oh! there goes the bell. Fannie, lend me you English sentences. I declare your eyes look like Dr. Wilkes', (with a hug). Gracious! Fan, how I do love you."

PORTIA: "You are the young miss who said you would never have a 'crush'. Now you are loving Fannie more than you do me."

SCENE III.

VIRGIE (before the dresser, arranging her hair): "How do I look, Portia?"

PORTIA: "I declare, you are forever 'primping.' You look stunning—charming—but let me study, please."

VIRGIE: "Does this shirtwaist look alright?"

PORTIA: "Yes, child, but what is the matter with you?"

VIRGIE: "It's almost time for Dr. Wilkes to put in his appearance."

PORTIA: "Hush! there is Miss Newman walking by the door, and she might hear you talking as you are; but I tell you what, Virgie, I, too, like him better than I would care to tell anyone but you."

PORTIA: "This lesson is just fierce; but I want to leave with Mr. Converse a good impression of myself, when he goes. But he does give us such long Chemistry

lessons—the experiments, oh! how many.” (A knock is heard at the door. Virgie opens it, and a tall, masculine looking woman says in a very cold voice):

DR. WILKES: “Can either of you show me to Miss Newman’s room? I am Dr. Wilkes, the Chemistry Professor.”

PORTIA: “Oh! ah, yes, but I thought you were a—.”

VIRGIE: “You—why you are a—.”

DR. WILKES: “Yes, I heard you were looking for a Man Professor. Am sorry you are so terribly disappointed; but you see I had short, curly hair in that photo, the picture having been taken just after a recent typhoid fever spell.”

VIRGIE: “Well, come on Dr.—Mr.—sir—ma’am, but I cannot see through it all.”

PORTIA (after the others have gone): “Oh that horrid woman. I wish I could never see her again. Then, too, she is the cause of me writing that horrid, mean letter to Frank. He will never forgive me. I just hate her, and that’s all there is to it.”

V. W.



The "Big 4's" Opinion of Holston Valley



The first I knew on the morning of November 2d the bell was ringing furiously and I jumped up to see if the building was on fire. Dark as pitch and the bell ringing? What on earth can it mean? But just then came the sound of the electric bell, which always awakens us even from our sweetest dreams, and brings us to our senses. Then I realized that this was the day for our great fall outing at Holston Valley, and with all possible speed, awakened the other members of the "Big 4."

We hurriedly dressed ourselves in picnic clothes and went down to our before-day breakfast, some of the girls nearer asleep, I fear, than awake, and still longing for the nap they had left so early.

Immediately after breakfast, which was about dawn, we formed our gay line and started for the depot.

We waited here only a few minutes for our train, but it seemed to some of us impatient girls at least an hour. When at last the train did come, it looked like a play engine with the cars hitched on behind, but the play engine was strong enough to take all the V. I. girls to Holston Valley and that was all we were looking for just then. Not only did it show its strength in that way, but also in taking all our lunch, which was a load in itself.

We joyfully boarded this little train, the more dignified ones of our party going in the passenger coach, some riding on the open car next the engine, while the "Big 4" occupied the baggage car.

We reached the valley about eight-thirty and found an ideal spot for a picnic, with Big Creek on one side and the mountains on the other. Up and down the valley, on either side of the track, were the summer cottages of Bristol people who come out to rest during vacation.

On one side of the railroad track is a pavillion, which serves as a depot, and on the opposite side is a little country store, where we spent all our change on stick candy, "pop-on-ice" and chewing gum, thus adding a great deal of pleasure to the day.

After filling our pockets with candy, the "Big 4" started out to see what they could find. First, we went to the boat-house, pulled out several boats and got them started. Then we discovered that the girls on the big rope swing were having more fun than we, so we abandoned the boats and selecting two of the strongest gentlemen of our faculty, set them to work swinging us, and I will remark here that this was the most

popular place during the entire day—of course with the exception of the lunch basket. By this time a group of girls were trying to see who could climb the mountains most gracefully. Some went up the valley to flag the train and get a ride back, but the "Big 4" were more ambitious and risked their lives to see who could cut their names the highest on the rocks in the side of the mountain.

While in the boat we decided that we could not let the day pass as a record breaker; so Lidie, as a kind of past-time, stood up, tilted the boat, and let it dip in some of the nice muddy water, soaking the other members of the party. Of course the boat had to be pulled in as soon as possible to dip out the water and dry the unfortunates, of which I was the most unfortunate.

As the day grew warmer we could not resist the temptation to wade; but not wanting our intention to be known, we began by walking on the rocks, and one at a time we fell (?) in. Of course then we needed no excuse, but were careful to keep on our shoes, to protect our feet from the sharp rocks. And for this little accident we were soon brought out and scolded soundly.

Thus the morning passed and as noon drew near all the girls gathered around the pavillion and began to cast longing looks toward the lunch basket, but no one daring to suggest the opening of it. Oh! how hungry the "Big 4" were, when suddenly the situation was relieved by our President coming up and saying: "I am starving to death and ran all the way down a mountain for fear I would be too late."

The dinner was spread and we were summoned by the ringing of two plow points together, the sweetest bell we had ever heard. All the girls flocked in and spent two hours "most pleasantly," often thinking "what a fine woman Mrs. Swan is!"

We spent the afternoon very much in the same way as the morning was spent, much of the time being given to kodak pictures, and we were kept jumping for fear we would be snapped when we were not posing.

Our homeward bound train came at five o'clock. Some of us still had life enough left to stay longer if it had been possible, but the majority had run themselves down, and were glad to be on the way home.

We walked up to the Institute a little after dark, and the great old building, lighted up, looked "dear to our hearts," and we gave our yell:

V. I., V. I.!

What's your cry?

H-U-N-G-R-Y!

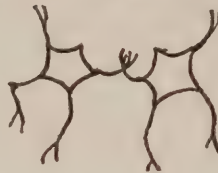
with more enthusiasm than we had ever given it before as we thought of the good dinner that was prepared and waiting for us.

F. E. W.

MENUE



Celery



Oyster Stew

Adam's Ale

Wafers.



Turtle Sandwiches.

Little Piggie Blankets.

Olives à la Natural History.



Fried Chicken.

Green Pears.

Creamed Potatoes.

Orange Jelly.

Cinnamon Rolls.



Ginger Bread.

Lemonade.

Fruit. Chocolate.

HALLOWEEN



October 31, 1906.

Hallowe'en



Hallowe'en, with all of its mysteries, ghosts and goblins, is an ever-welcomed time with all young people, and V. I. girls are no exception to this rule. Their books are put away and cares and worries of all kinds forgotten. October just past, brought to us one of the most enjoyable Hallowe'ens ever spent at V. I. During the entire afternoon the halls rang with the merry laughter of girls running here and there to borrow a needle, or a spool of thread, or to see if this piece of ribbon matched this goods. In the meanwhile, busy footsteps were heard down in the first hall, but as anxious as we were to see what was going on, we knew it was forbidden ground until seven o'clock in the evening.

About six-thirty the girls began to assemble in the second floor hall; but were they the same girls we had seen several hours before? Yes, the same, but what a change! Some were dressed to represent roses, carnations, poppies and all manner of flowers, while others impersonated historical characters. Soon the order to march was given, and in single file we went into the chapel.

We had not long to wait before twelve girls, dressed as Grecian maidens, came slowly upon the stage, where, with a pleasing piano accompaniment, they presented several well known poses, taken from Mythology. Miss Newman, in her clear and gentle voice, gave a brief sketch of each tableau, thus adding greatly to the interest of the spectators. Next came the negro minstrel, composed of old "mammys" as well as "pickaninnies." Mr. Jones, representing a negro choir master, led them in the classical selections—"Way Down in the Corn Field," "Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow," "Juanita," and others dear to Southern hearts. Last, but not by any means least, appeared Mr. Schroetter, followed by a band of Gypsy girls, who gave the "Anvil Chorus."

Just as this was finished, the front door of the chapel suddenly opened and out of the deep shadows of the night came four ghosts. Of course all of the girls were frightened (?) and very likely a number would have fainted, had it not been that several of the gentlemen teachers were present to protect them.

After the program, with Miss Newman and Miss Willingham as leaders, we marched into the dining hall, which had been converted into a "Gypsy camp." In the center was a tent, to which we were directed in order to find the fortune-teller. Arranged around the open space were tables upon which an elegant dinner of six courses was served. The menu and place cards, which now form a conspicuous part of our "memory books," were the handiwork of the art club.

When the games were finished and the fortunes told, we went to our rooms and "the goblins didn't get us," either.

A. Mc.

Trip to Washington

While Washington is the most beautiful and interesting city in our country, it has not the attraction of home for some school-girls who have been away from loved ones for four weary months. The prospect of visiting the capital city with members of their own families in connection with a trip to the Jamestown Exposition in June, kept several from joining the holiday excursion to Washington.

It is probable also that a young and attractive chaperon would have made the trip more popular to young ladies and added members to the party. While the company was small, it was select, being composed of four quiet and thoughtful young women who were a constant joy to the chaperon. They were uniformly courteous and discreet, whether on the street, in the hotel, on the Pullman, in the home of friends, on the street car, or in the White House.

Their good sense and spirit were well tested the first night. The sleeper was crowded because of holiday travel and all were compelled to occupy second-story apartments, yet this was perfectly agreeable to the girls. Altogether the visit was a very pleasant and successful one.

The usual places of interest were visited in an orderly manner and little time was lost. The first was the Corcoran Art Gallery, and here we could have spent the entire week with growing interest.

Among the statuary the party lingered longest, and with most delight beside "The Forced Prayer"; and of the paintings, perhaps none had more interest for us than "The Helping Hand" and "The Pastoral Visit." It is fair to remark that some of us did not claim to be able to interpret and thoroughly appreciate the work of the masters. The next day was the Sabbath, and as our custom was we went to the sanctuary. It is always an inspiration to visit the Calvary Sunday-school with its more than a thousand students, its thorough organization, and its mighty enthusiasm. The girls greatly enjoyed the Xmas music, the sermons of Drs. Greene and Bruner, and the Chinese Sunday-school. On Sunday the mercury dropped to zero and there it remained for three days. These daughters of the sunny south, however, were not deterred by the rigors of the climate, but with a liberal use of wraps and furs, were able to defy the weather and pursue with growing enthusiasm the object of their visit. By 9 a. m. Monday we were "taking in" the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, the institution in which the sum of one million dollars in currency is printed and engraved every day.

The guide was careful that we kept our proper distance and did not handle any of the crisp bills that abounded.

In the Treasury building, through the courtesy of a special friend, we were admitted into the sanctum sanctorum and had the privilege of handling in one package the sum of forty million dollars. We entered the vault empty and came out without any additional burdens, except a craving propensity. On this same day we ascended the Washington Monument by elevator, testing the strength of the cables. When we reached the top we felt our importance to such a degree that we "looked down" on the Supreme Judges and even the President of the United States with his cabinet. Despite this spirit on our part, the President received our company most graciously, jocularly remarking to Miss Conn, of Mississippi, that her governor, Mr. Vardaman, is all right, and to Miss Mims, of Texas, that some of the bravest soldiers of his regiment came from the Lone Star State. We were there about noon, but were not invited to dine. Our visit to the Congressional Library was very satisfactory; not only did we inspect the elegance and splendor of the building but enjoyed an hour that was spent in reading some of the southern dailies in which we found many items of home news. We also entered the reading-room, ordered some copies of Bacon, Longfellow, and Emerson, and spent an hour in this literary atmosphere. Every book ordered was delivered. In the capitol we were admitted to the floors of both the Senate and House. The different members of our party occupied speakers' chairs and those of their Senators and Representatives. We passed some very important measures, especially a few local appropriation bills.

During the week our party attended three of the best theatres in the city—New National, Chase, and Columbia. "The Prince of India" was seen played by a very strong company.

The trip by trolley to Mt. Vernon and Arlington, the home of George Washington and Robert E. Lee, was one of the most interesting features of our week's experience. The day was bright and cool. The car service was fine, and all greatly enjoyed the ride of thirty-five miles along the shores of the Potomac. It was interesting to see the old furniture used by Washington more than a century ago; to traverse the walks once trodden by the father of his country; to look upon the carriage that conveyed him to the capitol and to church at Alexandria; to examine the old loom, spinning wheel, and flax rack used in those primitive days.

Wealthy and great as he was, he was a stranger to the luxury of water works, steam heat, electric lights, telephones, and the rapid and comfortable means of transportation afforded by steam and electric power. To visit the mansion of Lee, as it stands with its massive columns in silent grandeur, overlooking the Potomac and the capital city, is ample compensation for the journey to Arlington, but this place is chiefly famous because of the burial place of the heroes of many battles.

The girls enjoyed nothing more than the ride on the sight-seeing automobile, visiting all the points of special interest in the city. These places were pointed out and commented upon in a most instructive and attractive manner by the lecturer who stood on the front of our car. In addition to the government buildings, we passed the homes of the foreign legations, the former residences of Edgar Allen Poe, Jas. G. Blaine, Sen. John Sherman, the present homes of many Senators, Congressmen, capitalists, and authors. Prominent among these were the mansions of Senator Elkins, Vice-President Fairbanks, Thomas Nelson Page, and Frances Hodgson Burnett. We were impressed with the elegance and splendor of these palaces and with the unlimited outlay of money in the residence section of Northwest Washington. As an evidence of the great wealth of this part of the city, we were reminded that even the carriage horses wore *checks* on their heads, the birds in the parks had *bills* in their mouths, and the lawns themselves were covered with *greenbacks*.

At the zoological park we had the privilege of seeing "all manner of birds and beasts and creeping things," but none enlisted the interest of the girls quite so much as their progenitor, the monkey, with all his "cute" antics. Miss Catherine was so captivated by Jumbo that she decided to carry him home with her in her kodak, but the elephant's master did not cooperate and so she did not secure a good pose.

The party is under obligations for special courtesies to Mr. Stewart of the Treasury Department, who extended unusual privileges in the depository of Uncle Sam's funds; to W. S. Shallenberger, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, who invited us to his elegant apartments in the Post-office building, and to Mr. J. J. Darlington and daughters, and Dr. and Mrs. Bruner, who gave us a most delightful evening in their hospitable home.

There was little to mar the pleasure of the visit, except that Miss Mary insisted on getting up each morning before the sun and slightly disturbed those of us who desired to refresh our wearied powers by a morning nap. It may be that Miss Frankie suffered a little in her enjoyment from her timidity among strangers.

Many other places of surpassing interest were visited, numerous other thrilling events occurred, but no doubt the reader grows weary and we would spare her the further tedium of details.

One of the last feats of this heroic party was the ascension to the dome of the Capitol by means of winding stairs and muscular power. From this lofty summit in the bright sunlight of the afternoon, we gazed with growing delight upon the glories of this magnificent city, the quiet Potomac, and the picturesque hills in the distance.

As we turned our faces toward the border city, we felt improved both in body and mind, by our experiences in Washington, and prepared to enter upon the stern duties of school-life with renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

J. T. H.

Washington's Birthday

Miss Wall's chorus class pleasantly entertained the student body and a few friends on February 22nd.

The entire program, which was successfully rendered, was very much enjoyed by all.

The program, a musical romance, is as follows:

Program

1. When does our romance begin? - - - "When Life is Brightest"
Chorus
2. Who is the hero? - - - "Robin Adair"
Quartette
3. Who is the heroine? - - - "Jaunita"
Portia Huntley, Queen Honeycutt
4. What does he bring to her? - - - "Sweet Peas"
Ethel May
5. What does he say of her? - - - "Thou Art so Like a Flower"
Monnie Moore
6. Then he says? - - - "If I Were a Bee"
Ella Ratliff
7. What does he ask her? - - - "Wont You Come and Dance With Me?"
8. Will she accept? - - - "Who knows"
Edna Sutherland
9. With what did she win him? - - - "Looks and Eyes"
Suella Burnett
10. With what did she respond? - - - "A Love Song"
Kathryn Hutchison
11. What words did he use in proposing? - - - "O Promise Me"
Bessie Stoner
12. What did his rival tell her after the proposal? - - - "Good-bye"
Sarah Martin
13. How did they feel during the ceremony? - - - "Calm as The Night"
Queen Honeycutt
14. What songs were used in serenading them?
(a) "I Arise From Dreams of Thee"—Ollie Griffin
(b) "Sing, Smile, Slumber"—Miss Stoner
15. Who serenaded them? - - - "Solomon Levi"

Daily Schedule

•

- 1:00 a. m.—Sadie rises to study.
1:30 a. m.—Mary M. gets up to look in the mirror.
2:00 a. m.—Rats have their nightly parade.
3:30 a. m.—Alma's clock goes off.
4:00 a. m.—Alma wakes up Robbie Mae.
4:01 a. m.—Alma wakes up Floy.
4:02 a. m.—Alma wakes up Hattie.
4:30 a. m.—Bess alarms the house to find out if the rising bell has rung.
5:00 a. m.—Clara does fancy work.
5:17 a. m.—Myrtle goes to practice.
5:30 a. m.—Lillian begins to "primp."
6:00 a. m.—Kate sweeps the floor.
6:20 a. m.—Bess T. goes to the cistern.
6:45 a. m.—Rising bell rings. Ollie asks if it is the chapel bell.
7:00 a. m.—"The" whistle blows.
7:15 a. m.—Lillian "primps."
7:16 a. m.—Ollie dreams.
7:20 a. m.—Hazel snores.
7:30 a. m.—Breakfast bell. Lillian "primps."
7:31 a. m.—Emma gets up.
7:32 a. m.—Emma reaches the dining-room.
7:56 a. m.—Mr. Converse makes an announcement.
7:57 a. m.—Mr. Schroetter makes an announcement.
8:00 a. m.—Anne eats the tenth roll.
8:15 a. m.—Louise washes her soap dish.
8:20 a. m.—Suella combs her hair.
8:29 a. m.—Virgie Lee studies spelling.
8:30 a. m.—Chapel bell rings.
8:31 a. m.—Lillian "primps."
8:32 a. m.—Ollie dreams.
8:32 a. m.—Lidie and Beulah come to chapel.
8:40 a. m.—Mr. Jones sings "Lead Kindly Light."
8:50 a. m.—Elizabeth Mc. says a Bible verse.
8:55 a. m.—Daily spelling lesson.
9:00 a. m.—Grand march.

9:01 a. m.—Lillian “primps.”
 9:02 a. m.—Ollie dreams.
 9:05 a. m.—Bess studies the moon and stars.
 9:10 a. m.—Mrs. Fowler calls the roll.
 9:12 a. m.—“Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta.”
 9:15 a. m.—“Girls, there is some paper on the floor.”
 9:20 a. m.—Miss Spigener comes to study-hall to see Myrtle.
 9:25 a. m.—Louise asks to go to the reading-room.
 9:30 a. m.—Minneola goes up to curl her hair.
 9:32 a. m.—“Ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga.”
 9:35 a. m.—Brownie loses her short-hand book.
 9:36 a. m.—Postman’s whistle.
 9:40 a. m.—Effie calls Grace to phone.
 9:43 a. m.—Lillian “primps.”
 9:45 a. m.—Ollie dreams.
 9:50 a. m.—Hattie loses her French book.
 9:55 a. m.—Bess has a thought.
 10:00 a. m.—Clara gets a point for her *Senior* debate.
 10:00 a. m.—Lutie laughs out loud (?).
 10:20 a. m.—Minneola enters study-hall with her hair curled.
 10:29 a. m.—“Ka, ka, ka, ka, ka, ka, ka, ka.”
 10:31 a. m.—Lorena moves.
 11:00 a. m.—Connie sits cute.
 11:15 a. m.—Portia moves her diaphragm.
 11:30 a. m.—Lidie takes vocal lesson.
 11:35 a. m.—Virgie powders her face.
 11:38 a. m.—“Fug,” Oh!!——!!
 12:00 M.—Mail delivered.
 12:01 p. m.—Hazel gets a letter from Charlie.
 12:15 p. m.—Dr. Henderson announces a faculty meeting. Kate W. looks grave.
 12:25 p. m.—Each teacher makes a stump speech.
 12:30 p. m.—Luncheon.
 12:45 p. m.—H. I. F. Club has a kodak picture made.
 12:55 p. m.—“French second half-hour.”
 12:56 p. m.—Lillian “primps.”
 12:57 p. m.—Ollie dreams.
 1:00 p. m.—Bell rings.
 1:05 p. m.—Mr. Bruner inspects practice rooms.
 1:05 p. m.—H₂S is generated.

2:00 p. m.—Clara and Myrtle announce loss of Greek book.
 2:30 p. m.—Windows raised H₂S.
 2:45 p. m.—Eugenia makes a syllogism.
 2:50 p. m.—“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.”
 3:00 p. m.—Trouble for Eugenia! Logic!!!
 3:15 p. m.—Bess has a thought.
 3:30 p. m.—Crowning event of the day: GREEK.
 3:31 p. m.—Mr. Jones smiles.
 3:32 p. m.—Mr. Jones grins.
 3:33 p. m.—Mr. Jones laughs. GREEK.
 4:00 p. m.—Miss Spigener begins her fifteen minute’s REST before gym.
 4:15 p. m.—Miss Spigener much refreshed (?).
 4:20 p. m.—“All number ones one step to the left; all number twos one step to the right; open ranks, march.”
 4:44 p. m.—Courtesies.
 4:45 p. m.—Second division of gym.
 4:50 p. m.—“Arms lift, breath in, down breath, out.”
 4:51 p. m.—“Breathe down to your toes.”
 5:10 p. m.—“Miss Bingham to the organ.”
 5:20 p. m.—Lillian “primps.”
 5:21 p. m.—Ollie dreams.
 5:45 p. m.—Dinner.
 6:00 p. m.—Little Lillian turns over a glass of water.
 6:15 p. m.—Emma eats the second (?) roll.
 7:00 p. m.—Study bell rings. Much work.
 7:15 p. m.—Lillian “primps.”
 7:16 p. m.—Ollie dreams.
 7:30 p. m.—Mary, Suella and Myrtle go out to a reception.
 8:00 p. m.—Miss Mahoney gives Emma permission to visit (?).
 8:30 p. m.—Bess T. goes to the cistern.
 9:00 p. m.—Sorority meetings.
 9:15 p. m.—Bess has a thought.
 9:30 p. m.—Lillian “primps.”
 9:31 p. m.—Ollie dreams.
 10:00 p. m.—Light bell.
 10:01 p. m.—Miss Mahoney sees that all lights are out.
 11:00 p. m.—Rats have a parade.
 11:59 p. m.—Lillian “primps” in her dreams.
 12:00 p. m.—Ollie dreams.

Table Etiquette at V. I.



No girl must spill more than one cup of coffee, one bowl of gravy, and one glass of milk on the table cloth each meal.

Only those whose constitutional weakness forbids their drinking coffee can have hot water.

Each girl must feel free to express her frank opinion of each member of the Faculty every meal.

No girl is expected to be on time at breakfast.

Girls are requested to make all the noise they can with their chairs when the signal is given to leave the dining-room.

Each girl must manage to have her doily sufficiently soiled to take to her room when there is an extra piece of chicken on the plate.

No girl (except a Senior) is allowed to eat more than nine biscuits at a meal. The Seniors are allowed to eat as many as they can since they will not have the privilege of eating V. I. biscuits again.

Five demerits will be given any girl who fails to walk out of the dining-room on her heels.

Cutting chicken off the bone with the knife is positively forbidden.

Each girl, in preparing her wardrobe for V. I., should have sufficient foresight to see that her blouses are large enough to hold all the rolls that are left.

Special for the Faculty

Each member of the Faculty is expected to make an announcement at the close of each meal.

No teacher must allow an opportunity to pass to demerit a girl.

No teacher above the age of seventy-five is allowed to have hot water, as it is considered bad on the nerves of the old.

Senior Privileges

Seniors are allowed to have callers three times a week and on Sunday (provided they are lady callers).

Seniors' rooms will not be inspected and therefore need not be cleaned as long as they are habitable.

Seniors are not required to take gym (more than four times a week).

All Seniors having nervous trouble are exempt from examinations.

Seniors are allowed to have a reception every month.

Seniors are not required to wear their uniform.

Seniors are permitted to study Greek seven days in a week.

Seniors are allowed to be late to all their meals and are not expected to get up for breakfast on Sunday mornings (?).

Seniors are given the *special privilege* of keeping their lights on as late as *ten o'clock* every night.

Seniors may visit the parlors once a day.

Seniors may have their meetings in the Faculty room.

Seniors may go out the front door on Sunday (?).

Seniors are given the privilege of retaining their places on the Honor Roll all through the year (if they can).

All Seniors having finished the course, successfully passed all their examinations, and having paid \$5.00, receive a diploma.

Jokes

Louise (in the library) : "Show me a good book."

Librarian : "Take 'Pilgrims' Progress' ; it's a nice book."

Louise : "Is it a love story ?"

Frankie : "What is the scholarship medal given for ?"

Mr. Converse : "What do you call earthworms in your part of the country ; angleworms ?"

Bertie : "No, sir ; bait."

Mabel Waugh says she came to Tennessee to see if she couldn't get married and live on a ranch.

Some of the girls in the Literature Class were discussing the life of George Eliot. Irene : "Is he dead ?"

Mr. Jones : "Miss Mary, is Miss Peggy ill ?"

Mary : "No, sir ; she is sick."

Mr. Jones (in class-room) : "Who stole the fire from heaven ?"

Alma : "Promiscuous."

Joe : "We are going to town tonight to get some hot tomares."

Ollie : "What kind of bushes do they grow on ?"

Milliner (showing hat) : "This is Miss —'s bridal hat."

Evelyn : "Oh, is she going to get married ?"

Kate (reading in Greek class): "A certain man in Zenophon's army was shot in the left wing."

Ollie Griffin thinks, owing to the fact that she gets so many, she ought to be given a reduction on her certificates.

Beulah and Fannie were discussing the servant question.

Beulah: "Don't you all keep any servants?"

Fannie: "What, and run the risk of their leaving!"

Emma: "I don't see any monkeys here."

Pauline: "No, they are all birds."

Emma: "That's funny; the sign on the building said 'apiary'."

Louise: "Did you know Elizabeth is going to Berlin to study music?"

Ethel: "Pshaw, why don't she go to Germany?"

A BRILLIANT BIBLE STUDENT.—Misses Henderson and Anderson were stargazing, when Miss Henderson asked: "Can you find the Big Dipper?"

Miss Anderson: "Why, yes; that is the star that guided the three wise men to Jesus."

BORDERING ON STARVATION.—It has long been known that Miss Bacon has a ravenous appetite and can eat six rolls at a meal, but it has just been discovered that in extreme cases she can eat soap.

Olive: "Irene, have you ever read 'Cricket on the Hearth'?"

Irene: "Yes; isn't it about an old tea kettle?"

Floy: "In what book in the New Testament do you find the Ten Commandments?"

Lillian: "You goose; nowhere in the New Testament. Look in the Old Testament, twentieth chapter of Moses."

Mr. Jones to little Lillian: "Grass is green, violets are blue, sugar is sweet and so are you."

Little Lillian to Mr. Jones: "Sugar is sweet, violets are blue, grass is green and so are you."

The business managers of the PENNANT, while looking for ads, entered the Business College.

Alma: "What building is this?"

Evelyn (who is especially interested in stenographers): "You goose; don't you know, don't you hear them 'stenographing'?"

A skirt belonging to a member of our Faculty was stolen by a young negro girl. The thief having been found, a body-guard of twenty students escorted the teacher to the court house to identify the skirt and accuse the offender. The next morning the following clipping appeared in the Bristol Herald:

SCORE OF PRETTY GIRLS UPSETS SEDATE COURT.—Twenty pretty college girls created a commotion at the Virginia court house yesterday afternoon as 'Squire Cornett was holding the scales of justice in a case before him, and the attorneys on either side were engaged in a heated argument. The girls walked into the hallway and directly across to the mayor's office.

Just as Attorney H. G. Lavinder was illustrating his argument in behalf of his client with some excited gestures, the door of the court room was opened and the auditors and court attaches were struck with bewilderment at the spectacle of the pretty, carefully groomed, daintily gowned and gracefully booted college girls.

They carried a sort of sunshine into the mist and gloom of the court room, and instantly there was a rush for the door. "The sun upon a winter's day was not so fair a sight."

Thought strayed from the rule in Shelley's case and Wharton on Contracts like the thoughts of the judge in "Maud Muller."

The radiant influence and dainty attractiveness of the unusual visitors made the case at trial of second importance, and it was necessary to shut the door in the face of the fair callers before court could be resumed.







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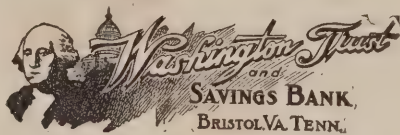
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Everything in Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
Garments, Dress Goods, Silks,
White Goods, Millinery, Notions,
Corsets, Table Linens, Laces,
Embroideries, Gloves, Handker-
chiefs, Perfumery, Cut Glass, Etc.

A Visit will be Appreciated

If you can't come, write. You receive
the same attention by Mail as you do
in our store. Our Mail Order Depart-
ment is the finest in the City.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed, or your
money back.**

WM. J. BROWN, President and Treasurer
WM. J. FICKLE, Vice-President
D. B. MULLINS, Secretary

Virginia - Tennessee Hardware Company

*Jobbers
and
Manufacturers'
Agents*

**506-508-510 STATE STREET
BRISTOL, TENN.**

Greetings to V. I. Students
... from ...
COTRELL & LEONARD
ALBANY, N. Y.



Makers of CAPS and GOWNS

To the American Colleges, Universities and Advanced Schools,
from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Class Contracts a Specialty

Correct Hoods for Degrees

Rich Gowns for Pulpit and Bench

617 State Street

New Phone 892

The Green Co., Inc.
5 and 10 Cent Store

We carry a full line of all these:

China, Glassware, Crockery, Dry
Goods, Notions, Hardware, Jew-
elry, Queensware, Baskets, Lamps,
Toys, Dolls, Games, Books, Sta-
tionery, Candies.

Quick Service

Polite Attention

Convenient Location

Something Always New

**BEST POSSIBLE GOODS AT
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES**

ALL VISITORS WELCOME

*Have Your Prescriptions
Filled at
The Turner Drug
Company*

**We can fill any Prescription from any
Physician, Written on any
Druggist's Prescription
Blank.**

**OUR PRICES ARE REASONABLE
AND OUR DRUGS THE BEST**

**No. 633 State Street
BRISTOL, TENNESSEE**

Caldwell-Sites Company

Carry a complete line of School Books, School Supplies, Fiction, Fine Stationery, Engraved Cards and Invitations, College Pennants, Athletic Goods, Etc. You are invited to inspect our stock.

BRISTOL - VIRGINIA-TENNESSEE

The Dominion National Bank of Bristol

*Is a Strong Bank,
An Accommodating Bank and
A Convenient Bank*

Has over \$100,000.00 Capital and Surplus.

Has over \$800,000.00 Total Assets.

Has over 1600 Depositors.

Average Deposits, \$650,000.00.

Receives both large and small deposits.

You can deposit in person or send by mail.

J. A. Carr Shoe Company

*Satisfying
Shoes*



Bristol, Tennessee

A Summary of a Season's Work

¶ We have printed two College Magazines throughout the year and six catalogs and three Annuals during the present season

¶ All of the work was up to the high standard of The Pennant, and we consider it a high compliment to our ability that we should be so generously patronized by institutions of learning, as they are certainly the most discriminating buyers of printing

¶ If you contemplate any high-class publicity at any time, we can advance ideas and suggestions that will place your advertising in a distinctive class

THE KING PRINTING COMPANY
BRISTOL, TENNESSEE - VIRGINIA

SOUTHERN HOME ART CO.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Picture Moulding and Picture Frames
MADE TO ORDER

We carry the largest line of picture mouldings and picture goods in the State. Five thousand varieties of Post Cards to select from. In fact, we are headquarters for everything in our line.

Sixth Street - - - Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

Photographs

Hodges' Art Gallery
Bristol, Tenn.

Most of the Photographs in this Annual were made by
HODGES

Peters - Goodwyn Company

(Incorporated)

Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee

Clean Coal

Crystal Ice

Cold Storage

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

LET US HAVE YOUR ORDER

Phones 547

Holston Bottling Company

(Incorporated)

Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee

Pure Distilled Soda

Mineral and Table Waters

DR. PEPPER and KOCA NOLA

PURITY AND QUALITY

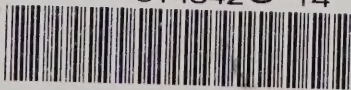
OUR MOTTO

Your orders will receive our personal attention.

Phones 547

3/14/2014

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